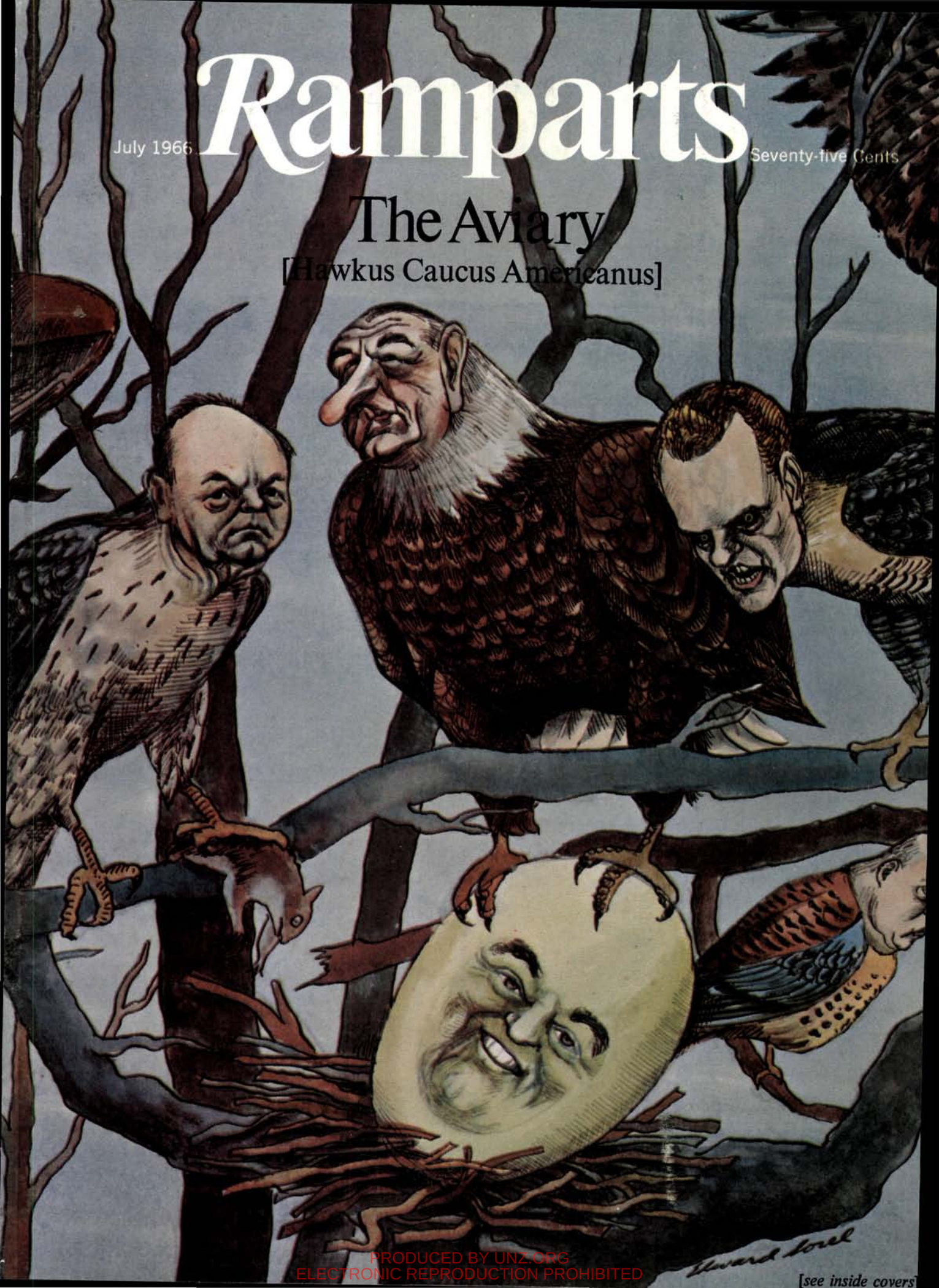
July 1966

Ramparts

Seventy-five Cents

The Aviary

[Hawkus Caucus Americanus]



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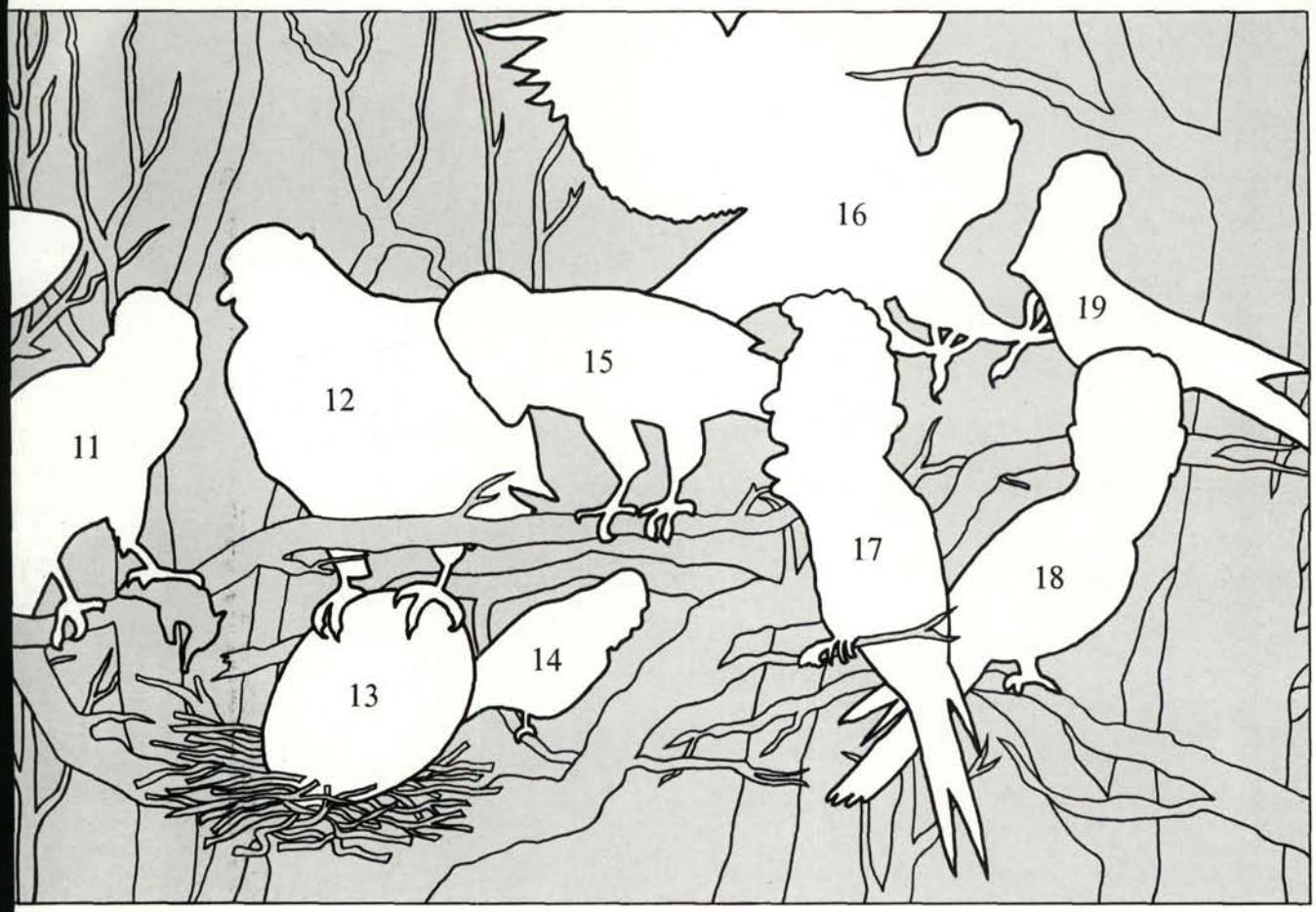
[see inside covers]



Aviary

NUMBER 5

cus Americanus)

11. Ruskbilled Sinohawk (*Hawkus Uberalles*) Recognized by its Dulles-coloured feathers.

12. Hickhawk (*Consensus Offensis*) Its motto: "In your heart you know I'm right."

13. Mynor Bird (*Ovum Exliberalis*) Flutter, Flutter, Flutter, Flop.

14. Chickenhawk (*Meany Laborius*) When it comes to full employment there's no such thing as a bad war or a good peace.

15. Halohawk (*Grahamquacker*) All pray and no work makes Billy a dull bird.

16. Superhawk (*Curtus Dismay*) Faster than a speeding bullet; more powerful than a locomotive; able to leap tall buildings with a single bomb.

17. Wildcrested Ficklehawk (*Mellifluous Filiblusterus*) A strange breed that flaps its tongue instead of its wings (probably because of the special interest groups under them). Often seen with the Thunderbird.

18. Dandy Hawk (*Achesonia Emeritus*) Although not often seen, it is easily recognized by its brilliant plumage and fawning manner. Flies highest in the cooler warwinds, carrying greens to the nests of bankerbirds.

19. Buck-Billed Sophisthawk (*Snidus Semanticus*) It may disagree with what you have to say, but will defend to your death its right to throw you in a concentration camp.

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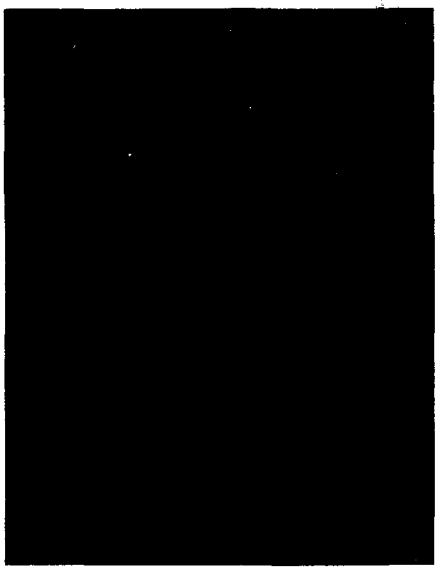
[Covers] Sorel's Aviary



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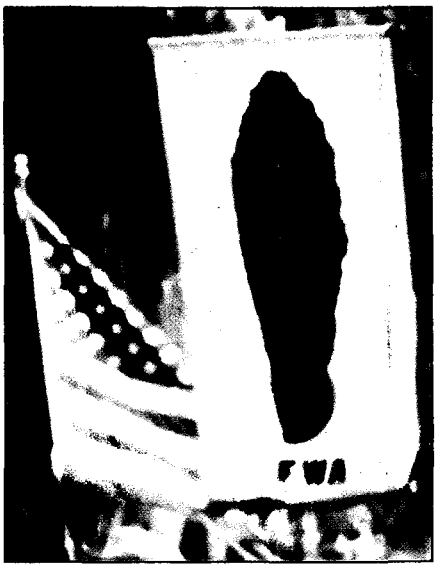
[Page 28] The Signal



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Ramparts

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Apologia:

SINCE THIS COLUMN is something in the nature of a bulletin board, let us tack up an announcement: the essays of Jean Lacouture, the distinguished correspondent of Le Monde, will be published exclusively in the U.S. by RAMPARTS, beginning now (p. 11).

The boys from Huntley-Brinkley set up camp at 301 Broadway last month, tied microphones around everything from our art director's little finger to the mirror on the wall in the ladies room, put enough kleig lights in the conference room to melt the ice in our bucket, turned all the venetian blinds backwards to keep the outside out, and proceeded for three days and nights to record, in living color, the life and times of RAMPARTS. The results ran for two evenings straight on the Chet and David half hour, sandwiched generously between petrol ads and how-to-do-it deodorant commercials. David (or was it Chet?) called us the most controversial magazine since Mencken's American Mercury. We put this in just in case you watch Walter Cronkite.

In faraway Lansing, Michigan, last month, after testifying at state hearings into L'Affaire MSU-CIA (April 1966), we killed an afternoon the hardest way. Lansing is the state capital, also home of Michigan State U. Also unfriendly. Had planned to buy charming girl who covered hearings for UPI a drink, but found out she was MSU alumna ('60). Also daughter of University's veep for public relations. Ergo wandered to bar, alone. Menopausal waitress in Revolutionary War costume turned out to be another MSU alumna ('42). On way to airport tried to chat with cabdriver. An alumnus ('53). Lansing is kind of that way.

Good night Chet. Or was it David? W.H.

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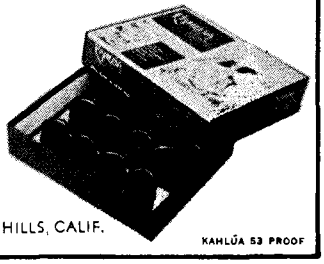

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Marginalia

Editorial:

GET THE CIA IN FROM THE COLD

RAMPARTS' EXPOSURE of the activities of the Michigan State University professors in Vietnam [April 1966] managed to provoke one of those Cold War period pieces —a few weeks of national "concern" about the Central Intelligence Agency. Anxious deans hastily searched their campuses to make sure they were not caught harboring a CIA unit. At the Massachusetts Institute of Technology a long-standing contract with the CIA was terminated. Stanford announced that its engineering department had a contract with the agency but that no undercover work was involved. Even at Michigan State, university officials reluctantly acknowledged that it wasn't such a good idea for a university to provide cover for CIA agents. In Congress there was talk again of setting up a permanent committee to monitor the activities and finances of the CIA. And the New York Times ran a five-part series on the organization by a team of their most distinguished correspondents.

All the agitation left us somehow unsatisfied. As usual, after the revelation of some CIA blunder or excess, debate focused primarily on whether the CIA had overstepped its bounds, or whether the CIA was an "invisible government," making its own foreign policy. What bothers us are the dangers in the very existence of a CIA.

The United States has two foreign policies, an official one and a real one, and the CIA is a key instrument in maintaining this hypocrisy. The CIA is the creation of an America that wants to have its cake and eat it too. It enables Cold War America to preach democracy, independence and anti-imperialism while enjoying the fruits of a foreign policy apparatus that is able to bribe, murder and subvert on a scale with the most potent of imperial powers. The CIA is American foreign policy defrocked of its populist and democratic rhetoric. And owing to the secrecy of its operations, it serves to keep most Americans, and much of the rest of the world, ignorant of the real nature of American foreign policy.

The notion of the CIA as an "invisible government" making its own foreign policy was debunked by the New York Times in its recent series of articles. They cite the civil war in the Congo as an example of a classic CIA operation that functioned as a *direct instrument* of Administration policy. The CIA created a private air force (mostly of exile Cubans) which intervened at a crucial moment in the civil war. It was instrumental in the victory of a white South African mercenary army, leading to the enormous massacres inflicted upon the black population in rebel-held areas. At the time, the official American policy trumpeted at home and at the U.N. was "non-intervention." Later, when the United States sent its planes into Stanleyville with Belgian paratroopers, most Americans were convinced that this was a "humanitarian" mission devoid of ulterior interest, a belief echoed by the New York Times in its editorials.

The Congo operation shows up the CIA for what it is—an instrument of totalitarian control, not only overseas where it inflicts direct physical harm, but at home where it serves in the manipulation of the thinking of a whole nation. Totalitarianism is not simply a system of terror; it also reflects a nation's habits of mind and the quality of its political discourse. The Soviet citizen who sincerely and firmly believed that Soviet intervention in Hungary was invited by a legitimate Hungarian government against a band of fascist conspirators was as much a victim of totalitarianism as the Hungarian freedom fighter.

It is an Orwellian world when political words lose their meaning, when intelligent citizens can be convinced they are fighting for democracy while their government supports a dictatorship which one of its agencies has secretly helped to create. And as the CIA expands its operations in Southeast Asia, Africa, and Latin America, the more monstrous becomes our self-delusion.

What was most appalling about the Michigan State professors was that they had become so much the automatic

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Cold Warriors that it became possible for them to work side by side with CIA agents in propping up a brutal dictatorship in Vietnam. And these academicians, whom we value for their fine distinctions, sworn enemies of the vulgar or dishonest use of words, were solemnly declaring that they were helping to build democracy in South Vietnam.

Most of the professors still do not see the contradiction; nor do most Americans. And that is the most distressing aspect of the aftermath of the discussions about the CIA. All the hullabaloo about controlling the CIA means nothing unless Americans start to re-examine the Cold War mentality mirrored by the CIA. It is no use for universities merely to announce that they will no longer allow CIA agents into their academic projects. The professors themselves must start to "come in from the cold."

Military:

INTERVIEW WITH SERGEANT SMITH

by Don Duncan

PAST THE SIGN advertising the race track, Highway 30 dips downhill onto the main street of Chester, West Virginia. Quiet and unknown by day except for those interested in steel mills, this panhandle town is well known by those seeking action at the "wheel" by night. Left along the main street, past the small cafes, the American Legion and the Post Office, is the house. It is a two-story frame and sits well back from the street. What should be a large front yard is a car lot for the Ford agency next door. Inside, the living room has a collection of deep, stuffed furniture, a large new Admiral AM/FM console that hasn't found its place yet, and a tape recorder sitting on a table.

With me, sitting on the couch, is a young man in a blue shirt and slacks. He is tall, lean and tanned. Through the tan, dark shadows are apparent under his eyes. He sits forward on the couch, the fingers of one hand alternately holding and releasing the fingers of the other. If not suspicious, he is at least wary. Conversation is awkward—he volunteers nothing and responds only to a direct question and then, in most cases, indirectly.

The young man is George E. Smith, until his recent discharge a staff sergeant in the "Green Berets." Captured by the Viet Cong at Hiep Hoa in November, 1963, he was released along with Staff Sergeant Claude D. McClure in November, 1965. At the time of their release in Cambodia several statements were attributed to the sergeants: that they wanted to quit the Army to conduct a campaign to get the United States out of Vietnam; that the U.S. had nothing to gain from the war; that the Viet Cong are the people; that they were treated well, unlike prisoners of Saigon's troops; that there was no brainwashing; that they never saw any regular North Vietnamese soldiers; and that the U.S. could never defeat the Viet Cong.

However, being released from the Viet Cong was not the end of detention for the sergeants. They were sent to Thailand under U.S. military supervision and immediately isolated from the news media. Then, after a brief examination, the men left Thailand for debriefing and to return to their own families for Christmas. They never made it. Instead the two men were flown to Okinawa and were charged on December 21 with violating Article 104 of the Uniform Code of Military Justice—aiding the enemy. Specifically, the men were charged with "preparing, furnishing and delivering to the Viet Cong certain documents, statements, and writings inimical to the interest of the United States."

These charges of "aiding the enemy" came as a complete surprise. They came during the debriefing from information given voluntarily. The debriefing continued at the request of the two soldiers. During this period the Army claimed that the men were able to move around freely, which included going to town. But what the Army neglected to men-

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tion was that this freedom had its limitation, lack of privacy—counter-intelligence was always in tow. Fellow soldiers with whom they came in contact displayed no special animosity. While in Okinawa, Smith was assigned to a garrison headquarters company, not exactly the "normal duty" for a Special Forces soldier, as the military has claimed.

As he talked about Okinawa, Smith spoke slowly, giving the impression that he was selecting his words with great care. He said there had been no psychological pressure put upon him other than the charge itself and the restricted frame of reference in being on a U.S. military island. As part of pre-trial procedures he was interviewed by a psychiatrist, but said nothing and the interview was very brief. Of his lawyer, Captain Anthony Nelson, he said he was young and perhaps too cautious, but he had no complaints. Smith had no knowledge of his mail being censored but counter-intelligence often stood by while he read and asked permission to look at certain letters. He specifically mentioned a letter from the May 2nd Movement.

In short, he had been in military custody on a military island, charged by the military with a military crime, investigated by the military, represented by a military attorney, and facing a military trial if the military so decided. He smiled and called it "a real closed shop."

When asked how he felt about the way the military handled his case, George Smith replied that he thought the Army had hurt themselves in the eyes of the public. He has no intention of attacking the Army, obviously harboring the feeling that he could add little to their self-defeating attitude. He felt that the investigation consisted mainly of communications between the Pentagon and Naha testing public opinion to determine what effect a trial would have.

ATTEMPTS BY RAMPARTS and other news media to contact the men as far back as January proved fruitless. The Army charged the men with a crime punishable by death and then assigned them a military lawyer who advised them not to talk with the press. Until the month of April, the only thing the military would reveal was that the charges were still being investigated and "debriefing" was continuing. Without warning, on April 17, it was announced that both men were in this country and had been discharged to return to their respective homes.

When asked why he won't discuss the period during which he was a prisoner, Mr. Smith informed me that counter-intelligence had classified the circumstances of his detention and had warned him that discussing the matter would be a violation of the Espionage Act. The only way these men can clear themselves is in a public trial or by disclosing the circumstances of their internment. The former has been denied, and they are told they cannot do the latter or they will be guilty of disclosing classified information. Classified from whom? The Viet Cong? Surely *they* know what happened during the two years the men were their prisoners. The only ones who may never find out are the American people. Most emphatically George Smith does not consider himself a "turncoat," but a loyal American. However, when the men were released the Army wouldn't say the men were cleared, but only that charges had been dropped. And the Army gave the two ex-prisoners general discharges under Army regulation 635-209, rather than standard "honorable discharges." All of this maintains an aura of suspicion, and also renders them ineligible to re-enlist in the armed forces.

He says that someday he may discuss his imprisonment, but he asked for understanding for now. For two years as a prisoner, his frame of reference was narrow. After imprisonment he was transferred to another narrow frame of reference—Okinawa. He understands this is the reason why he was sent there rather than to a stateside Army post. He now wants to get properly oriented and broaden his perspective. Perhaps then, and only then, he will discuss the matter. I think he shows good sense; considering the ordeal of the last two and a half years, his position is quite understandable.

Mr. Smith told me that Hiep Hoa (the camp where he was captured) was probably the worst example of security in Viet Nam. He has heard that the commanding officer has since been relieved and expressed little sorrow over that fact. And he seemed amazed when I told him I had worked with effective members of the Vietnamese Special Forces. After commenting on the general worthlessness of that organization he said at Hiep Hoa they had found that the Vietnamese commander had 50 non-existent people on the payroll. Talk of what is called "discriminate bombing" brought forth a cynical snort. He added that he thought U.S. reports of Viet Cong losses were ridiculous. Smith was fully cognizant of the pressures put on the U.S. government to release him, by various peace groups and other concerned citizens, and is appreciative of their concern, but he doesn't know if they expedited or hindered his release. In any event, he knows little or nothing about these groups and most definitely doesn't want to be adopted by any organization.

During our conversation George's step-father appeared intermittently, and a friend, a Korean War vet, was in the room. George's mother, with whom I had talked many times, made a brief appearance prior to going to work. A friendly woman with a broad regional accent, she expressed her happiness in having George home, but as on the telephone, she gave the impression of being bewildered by all that had occurred. I was invited to share a good meal of beans and franks with home-made bread and fresh butter prepared by George's step-father. "All West Virginia men must learn to cook if they want to eat." A younger brother came in briefly before starting out on his paper route in a newly acquired '59 Olds.

I asked him, "Once you get your breath, what are you planning to do, George?"

"Well, there is a new GM plant opening near here. I'll put in an application and maybe get accepted. I'd like to travel a little and see some of the country; see what's happening, what people are saying and thinking. Maybe even come to California."

"Is there anything we discussed today that you don't want published?"

He hesitated, then said, "No, I don't think so." Then with the first obvious intensity he had shown during the three hour meeting, he added, "If you do write anything, please clear up that business about the documents. There were no documents."

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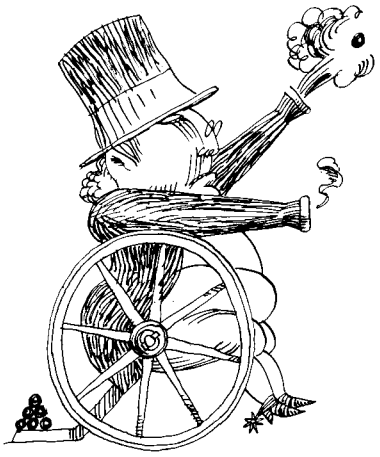
Opinion:



GEORGE WASHINGTON'S WARNING TO LYNDON

by Marcus G. Raskin

ONE OF THE GREAT tragedies of the militarization of American foreign policy has been the technical decline of our diplomatic prowess. While President de Gaulle effectively shows how a nation can carry on a foreign policy based on principles laid down by George Washington, American foreign policy shows what happens to a nation's elite when it is carried away by cheap ideology and violence as its principal means of living in the world. Who can be anything but resentful about a foreign policy which commits forces to a situation where only those in our pay want our presence? The de Gaulle view of foreign policy parallels George Washington's Farewell Address and is applicable to America's diplomatic dilemma in Asia: "... nothing is more essential that permanent, inveterate antipathies against particular nations and passionate attachments for others should be excluded; and that in place of them just and amicable feelings toward all should be cultivated. The nation, which indulges toward another an habitual hatred, or an habitual fondness, is in some degree a slave. It is a slave to its animosity or to its affection either of which is sufficient to lead it astray from its duty and interest."

Specifically, what would it have meant to pursue a traditional foreign policy in Vietnam? The United States would have initiated negotiations with the National Liberation Front alone and worked to make clear that North Vietnam and the People's Republic of China had secondary and tertiary interests in South Vietnam. Surely that should have been the State Department's diplomatic course if its objective was to nurture South Vietnam as a separate entity.

Since American foreign policy is conducted in the context of the rhetoric of Communist conspiracy, the assumption is that there are no intrinsic political dynamics except those caused by the Great Powers. This puppeteer view of history insists that there are no indigenous revolutions, only string-pulling from the outside. When this view was used as a guide to our policy in South Vietnam, it had the practical effect of forcing China and North Vietnam to have interests in South Vietnam which they otherwise would not have felt they had. The fact is that China now feels that it has interests in South Vietnam beyond what it had before the American military intervention. But our present insistence that China was "in back of it all" does not mean that the United States should continue to think of negotiating only with China and North Vietnam. Nor should we delude ourselves into thinking that the policies of the NLF, the North Vietnamese and the Chinese are the same. For example, the diplomatic policy of North Vietnam emphasizes unification of the North and South while the diplomatic policy of the National Liberation Front emphasizes neutrality and independence. It may not be too late, if the United States is prepared to see the National Liberation Front as people and individuals with their own political interests rather than as tools or objects, and to enter into useful negotiations with the NLF and other groups in South Vietnam.

One may recall that the American revolutionary war was not solved by negotiations between the British and the French. Nor was the Algerian war or the first Indochinese war solved by negotiations between the Great Powers. The Great Powers' interests in these areas are to work out a "hands off" agreement after meeting the legitimate aspirations of those fighting.

The National Liberation Front is composed of a reasonably wide spectrum of opinions and positions in South Vietnam. These groups have their own interests and desires. What can be predicted with some assurance is that once there is a cease-fire and the United States enters into negotiations and accepts the National Liberation Front as a co-belligerent, that differences within the NLF will become clearer. What happened in Algeria and Indonesia, and what happened to most resistance movements at the end of the Second World War will probably happen in South Vietnam. Presently there is agreement in the NLF on ridding South Vietnam of the Western imperialist yoke and stopping the war. Once that issue is resolved the *raison d'être* for solidarity will end. And there the only viable consensus among the NLF, the religious groups and other political interests that will be able to be maintained, is one which we profess to favor —neutrality and political independence.

In the last analysis the U.S. will have to abide by a settlement with the National Liberation Front and for that, the NLF will have to give something. Perhaps, as in Cuba or as the French did in Algeria, the United States will be able to maintain a military base in South Vietnam. Although we don't need such a base and its value is at best a dangerous symbol, that will probably be the price which the American military will charge to settle the war. In the hard world of international, military and revolutionary politics a military base in exchange for recognition of the National Liberation Front seems to reflect what the *quid pro quo* is for settling the war.

But what about the Saigon government? The Saigon government represents little more than a few officers clubs at air bases in the South Vietnamese Air Force and our own commitment to the Military Council. That group, as internal aid agency documents made clear last summer, has no standing in South Vietnam outside of Saigon. American national interest must be viewed as broader than the perpetuation of a military class which the United States has fostered and continues in political power. No doubt, and it should certainly be a *sine qua non* for settlement, the United States must protect those in its pay whom it has endeavored to involve in its mistakes, errors and Holy War against communism. But that protection must not be at the expense of American interest.

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Travel:

THE DUMMY PSYCHIATRIST

This is the first in a series of three articles on Haiti.

by G. M. Feigen

CI HAD PROMISED Dr. Douyon to demonstrate ventriloquy at his next staff conference.

He was a short, husky, brown-black Buddha. One expects a big voice to go with such a man, not the high-pitched melodic ripple of a voice which laughed more than spoke. He was the chief of the Centre de Psychiatrie et de Neurologie which provides whatever psychiatric care is available for four million Haitians. This gives each of the five psychiatrists a patient-doctor ratio which is more than remarkable, in view of the poverty, the misery and the conflict between Voodoo and Christianity.

They say that Haiti is 90 per cent Catholic, and 100 per cent Voodoo. Neither is enough to prevent schizophrenia; together they constitute a schizophrenia of their own. The blistering walls of Notre-Dame Cathedral in Port-au-Prince enclose a zing-colored, whambang mural painted by local artists who see no contradiction in their figures of interchangeable divinity. The dilapidated National Art Gallery is full of paintings, blasts of color, peopled by Haitians who never smile.

I met Dr. Douyon last October, when I visited the medical school. He knew that one of my reasons for being there was to try to arrange an exchange of interns between our respective cities. I mentioned the ventriloquy in passing, while he was giving me a tour of the

What do they mean when they talk about THE DEATH OF GOD?

All across the country, in seminaries and on the college campus, in churches and in the homes, the question is being urgently debated. "IS GOD DEAD?" asks *Time* magazine in a big cover story. And *Look* answers with another cover story, "IN DEFENSE OF GOD."

Originally published with no thought of popular demand, THE DEATH OF GOD by Gabriel Vahanian, Professor of Religion at Syracuse University, has become *news*. Not only theologians, students and clergymen, but apparently everyone interested in religion is reading this book.

Should we deify "man — the twaddler"?

"Nothing is worse than a dead faith, except a dead doubt?" writes Dr. Vahanian. In his unsparing appraisal of the spiritual condition of Western man, he questions the sincerity of the religious mood prevalent in America today. He terms this mood a modern "religiosity" and finds its origins in the refusal of contemporary man to bear the responsibility of questioning his own beliefs.

"The Death of God" began, according to Dr. Vahanian, the moment man started to compromise with the Biblical concept of God transcendant, and to merge the identity of the Godhead with the identity of humankind. From this compromise evolved the belief in the possibility of heaven on earth, in human perfectibility, in the expectation that man, both individually and collectively, can control his temporal fate.

Today, as a consequence, Western society not only exalts all possible material comforts, but requires as well easy, guaranteed, status-assuring religious affiliations. Our search for "inner security" is, in Dr. Vahanian's view, in direct opposition to the toleration of doubt that tests the strength of genuine religious faith.

"Eloquent Prophet of the Lord"

"THE DEATH OF GOD is an unhesitating, unflinching analysis of an age which, Dr. Vahanian believes, has no concern even to deny God. It is a cultural analysis of the religious, political, artistic, literary and societal movements of our era."
—Paul Ramsey

"In his preface to THE DEATH OF GOD, Paul Ramsey, Professor of Religion at Princeton University, explains that we are now in the second phase of the period *post-mortem Dei;* the first phase was anti-Christian, ours is post-Christian.... Dr. Vahanian's message has to do with the 'dishabilitation' of the Christian tradition, with its replacement by bourgeois religiosity, with the desperate effort of Western culture to shake off the 'crippling shackles' of a superannuated piety. . . . The quality of mind which enters into this book is unique and fascinating. Dr. Vahanian is a fierce but eloquent prophet of the Lord."
—Robert E. Fitch,
New York Times Book Review

"THE DEATH OF GOD is the most exciting theological book I have read in many years. In some ways, it is a parallel to Karl Barth's *Romerbrief*."
—Rudolf Bultmann

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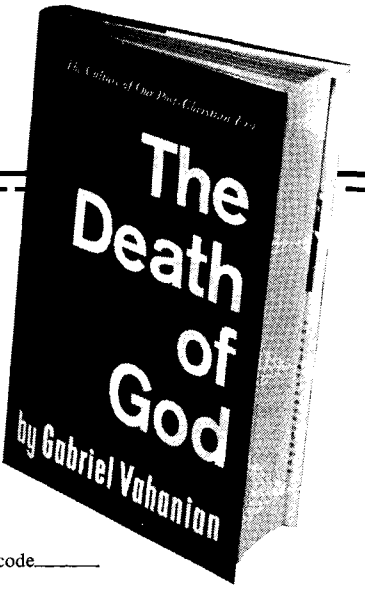

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relatively new and already tired building. What I thought would interest him was my work with autistic patients. Somehow, they are more likely to talk to a dummy than a doctor. Since I always traveled with one or more of my dummies, who make spectacular ambassadors, I offered to present some of my findings in *la langue du ventre*. What I had in mind was an exposition on the nature of ventriloquy and its possibilities as a diagnostic aid; what happened was what often happens—you find out what to do by doing it.

The morning of the conference was a strangler. Between the sea and the hills a thin wavy mist lay otherwise motionless; the deep-green leaves hung limply from the hillside trees, and there was no breeze. Environment was a heating pad that couldn't be clicked off. It was a skin-wrapping, immobilizing heat, that left you sweating even after a cold shower. I sat on a rickety, paint-pocked veranda, drinking the warm papaya juice which Cesar, the *maître-de-bar*, offered me with a tired, compassionate *bonjour*. There was not a drop of sweat on him. I was soaked with the clothes-clinging kind and I had to keep wiping my face.

It was on this proscenium that I plotted my psychodrama. During the past two decades I have studied ventriloquy leisurely, ordering or making my own figures, letting them develop their own personalities, and making my own discoveries unencumbered by grants, projects, or other restrictions which usually offer that deadening combination of money and definition. I do not carry on conversations with my dummies: except for amenities, I prefer to let them make their own relationships with people. But how about the staff of a Haitian psychiatric center who spoke almost no English, and preferred Creole to the official French? Even French is rough on a ventriloquist. There are so many "v's" and "p's" that are difficult to articulate without lip movement. I knew a good bit of French, but not enough to avoid translating, which kills the spontaneity.

However, I decided to go in and wing it. In Haiti it is too hot for planning, so you are forced to find out what will happen by doing—but it is also too hot to do very much. My driver carried my cases into his geriatric type Packard, and at twelve noon, when only mad dogs and ventriloquists are out in the mid-day sun, I arrived at the flimsy but proud Centre, built with the aid of three United States drug companies. The lobby was packed with patients and redolent with physical emanations of people and heat, which triumphed over the fans. They were old fashioned fans; they hummed and clanked, but somehow provided a non-stop feeble whistle of a breeze that momentarily dried grateful patches of skin.

The staff was gathered in Dr. Douyon's office. Besides himself, and his two psychiatrists, there were a neurologist, a psychologist and a couple of social workers. I put my equipment on his desk, and waited for my intro. Their faces were all quite dark and dour. There was skepticism, ennui, and a bit of expectation. Unfortunately, in an attempt to be complimentary, Dr. Douyon concentrated on the psychological aspects of my "work," as if I were a practicing psychiatrist who was totally engaged in a therapeutic project.

I BEGAN BY EXPLAINING how ventriloquy works. This, in itself, is a violation of the ventriloquist's code, but I have found that it increases involvement. I demonstrated the substitutions which I use for the more difficult letters, I explained the distractive value of continuing motion of the doll, of the various gadgets on the doll, and I took apart and reassembled a figure to show how the illusion was accomplished. I talked about the "suspension of disbelief" and began to flounder, finding my fickle French deserting me, and lapsing into that awful combination of English-French that never sounds better than an apology. I touched briefly on my experience with a few cases of schizophrenia.

They were hotly concerned with schizophrenia. It was what they had to contend with. There was little time for neurotics in a destitute nation whose annual per capita income was $70. Before the establishment of this Centre a few years ago, the only facility for psychiatric care in Haiti was Beudet, a former U.S. Marine prison camp, 20 kilometers to the Northeast, where some 200 psychotics were abandoned to no-care limbo, guarded by club-wielding attendants. Each patient was seen very occasionally by an overworked doctor. I was told that they had admitted about 15 cases a month, which number was perfectly balanced by a monthly average of five escapes, five discharges and five deaths. There is a big assortment of ambulatory schizophrenics in Haiti; when they get bothersome or violent they are sent to the old prison camp.

Now there is some possibility of more than custodial treatment. But there is practically no money, a tiny staff (which also provides the only psychiatric care for the other provinces), and a necessary reliance on tranquilizing and mood-elevating drugs, used in gigantic doses. The main compound in the Centre is locked, but within there is a grotesque model of a "therapeutic community," populated by an assortment of out-of-focus but non-violent psychotics. Restraint, when necessary, is accomplished by ropes.

Unhappily, I discovered that my audience hoped for a new therapy for schizophrenia by dummy. Impassively, quietly, they waited. When I had completed my talk, and no such therapeutic device had been described, they were disappointed. The resident psychiatrist, a bright, serious doctor in his early twenties, volunteered that they had an autistic schizophrenic who had not said a word for months. Would I be willing to try out my ventriloquy on him; perhaps I could stimulate him to talk? I tried to beg off. I said that experience was limited, my patients had been mostly children, and my French was inadequate. Perhaps they could learn the technique and try it themselves.

The response was scorn and disappointment in any language. At such moments we are all tempted to attempt the impossible. The challenge was irresistible, foolhardy as it was. Anticipating the letdown of myself, the United States, and my real project in Haiti, I waited for him to bring in the patient. He was an unkempt, 40-year-old psychotic, who shuffled in on the guiding arm of an aide. He stared at the floor, eyes lidded, almost shut; his arms did not move when he walked. He wore a tattered bathrobe of a fabric not quite up to its forceful design; the material had decayed before the colors, and the pajamas underneath were visible, faded to a blur from endless washings. They brought him up to me, and sat back inscrutably. Dr. Douyon looked at me with a smile which in that

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atmosphere was like an analgesic balm.

I decided to cooperate with the inevitable. I lifted Becky, my middle-aged lady dummy, and moved toward him. Becky was dressed in a startling costume—a black dress, spattered with junk jewelry, ornamented with garish red piping, a black lace mantilla covering her iron gray hair. Her staring eyes, on the move, were arresting if not hypnotic. I mumbled a few Creole phrases which I had learned in a local house of low repute which masqueraded as a dance hall. *Rien! Nada!* Nothing! He didn't even look up. Finally, I walked up to him and put Becky's face right up to his; I heard her raucous laugh. She jabbered away in French. Suddenly, like some prehistoric creature just released from an icepack, the patient looked up.

IT TAKES A HEAP OF TENSION to make a Haitian psychiatrist excited. The tension was there. I reached over to Douyon's desk, picked up a card, placed it in the dummy's hand, and had her offer it to my "antagonist." He looked at her intently, with a kind of tunnel vision which excluded all else. He lifted his arm, reached out, and took the card. After a brief, vacant glance at the card, he slowly put it into the breast pocket of his pajama coat. The one-sided conversation went on. One had to admire the way that dummy kept on chattering to the patient, asking about his life, and spattering him with little Voodoo phrase-droppings. *Papa Legba ouvre barrière pour moins, Ago-é* (Papa Legba, the dominant Voodoo god or "loa," and Ago-é, the loa of the sea).

Once again the patient seemed to come up out of some secret cellar. He began to mumble a few words in Creole. They were connected words, jumbled; I didn't understand, but I counted each word. Whatever happened now, I had scored. My own inside animal had been booming my pulse and washing my skin. I looked at the staff and saw respect, which I relished without shame, but with some embarrassment.

I suppose we had demonstrated the value of an irrational object, the dummy (in an irrational situation), in restoring for a short time the attention of a withdrawn psychotic. The patient had paid no attention to me. Perhaps it was the first strikingly interesting object he had seen in the past four months. I always felt that schizophrenics kept two sets of books—one for reality, and one for their own psychotic area. It was too hot to talk about it, to draw conclusions, to do anything but drive back through the rutted squalor of Port-au-Prince to my veranda, and sleep away the worst of the humid hours.

Letters:

INTELLIGENCE ON CAMPUS

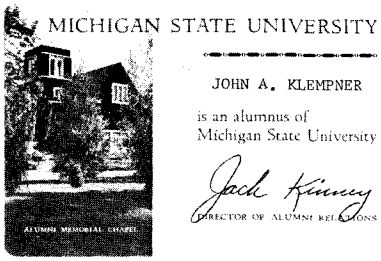
SIRS:

We had surmised that much was "Fish-y" about the MSU project [RAMPARTS, April 1966] over there.

D. SPEIR
Lincoln Park, Michigan

SIRS:

Here are my—uh—credentials.



If you'd care to arrange a public gathering at which we burn our MSU alumni cards, I'd be delighted to oblige.

JOHN A. KLEMPNER
San Francisco, California

SIRS:

As a '65 graduate of Michigan State, I read your cover story with great interest. While I knew nothing of MSU's alleged ties with the CIA, I did have a political science course taught by Dr. Fishel; I found him to be both an outstanding instructor and superb speaker, as did many of my fellow students.

Toward the end of the article, Mr. Hinckle states: "MSU is still big on police. There are, literally, police all over the campus . . . Finally, it is hard to find a parking spot on campus since so many police cars are occupying the stalls . .."

To put it mildly, this just isn't so! MSU is a giant school with an enrollment of about 30,000. The author omits the fact that a year ago, over half the students owned cars. MSU dwarfs East Lansing, and its size creates problems necessitating an efficient—and helpful—self-contained campus police force. To try and create the image of MSU's being a police state is just misstating the facts.

DICK KUEHNEMUND
Princeton, New Jersey

SIRS:

Congratulations! Your April 1966 cover, and its accompanying article, have finally earned you the title of Yellow Journal. It is the only thing yet that I have found comparable to American Opinion. But you must be careful: articles such as the one on Marshall McLuhan are absolutely unacceptable to your new role in yellow journalism; secondly, you must be *very* careful to avoid articles like your "Battle of Selma."

HARRY V. ELLIS III
Atlanta, Georgia

IS EROS DIRTY, IN FACT?

SIRS:

Your write-off of Ralph Ginzberg in "The Cleavage Culture" [RAMPARTS, April 1966] seems unfair and out of character. Henry Miller wrote, "I am *against* pornography and *for* obscenity." Judging contemporary advertising in all its media, it seems reasonable to say that pornography is not off-scene (that is, obscene) in our society.

Among the minor deities of our pantheon which he has "brought down front" in his publication Fact are AT&T, Coca-Cola, the DAR and *institutional* Catholicism.

Ginzberg's brand of publishing has certain qualities: it is readable and it gets down to specifics on some social

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issues. Not that everything Ginzberg publishes is a gem of wisdom and taste —or that it will last forever. (Whose will?) It is just that, analyzed in particulars, he is not all that bad. The kind of thing he publishes works on people's "cognitive dissonance," and that does infuriate. He pulls the shower cord on his readers at times. But if his iconoclasm makes people think, maybe for the first time, about some of our sacred cows, surely that is to the good?

No one denies that Ginzberg's motives were frankly commercial. But to impute that his motives were *only* commercial does not seem warranted and is downright wrong and dangerous.

By reading RAMPARTS it is very clear that the publisher is an Irish Catholic American. He is a good man, but he does not exhaust the universe of same. It is equally clear that Ralph Ginzberg is *not* an Irish Catholic American. It is as simple as that.

FLORENCE FITZGERALD JAMES
La Mirada, California

SIRS:

Your "men of low principle who publish trash" and non "redeeming social importance" shots at Ralph Ginzberg seem: (1) from ignorance of the "beautiful" Eros; (2) a death-blow to an overwhelmed "fellow intellectual" (I thought you were); (3) pretty loose journalism at a time when "Big Brother" is after those who would think for themselves.

L. CHARLES HUGHES
Cincinnati, Ohio

ART DIRECTORS ANONYMOUS

SIRS:

Thank you again for the generally high caliber of news. With Mr. Felix Greene's beautiful spread of photography [RAMPARTS, April 1966], it is obvious that your magazine is capable of taste, judgment, and may I add—even a sense of mission.

H. KRUSE
San Francisco, California

SIRS:

The one most annoying thing is your big compulsion to deal with everything in terms of your own sphere of political (and thus moral) commitment. This works fine with politics, but it's only part of the totality of existence. This came out clearest when you pushed Willy Oeser's paintings [RAMPARTS, March 1966]. Mr. Reinhardt spent 5½ columns proving that because Oeser painted noble moral dilemmas, that his actual paintings were proportionately good. It's a polemicist's hangup. Thus he praised Oeser for the same non-esthetic reasons as those for which the Nazis persecuted him. If you want to preach, preach, but don't get your media crossed.

PAUL FISHER
Portland, Oregon

SIRS:

Congratulations on the most tasteless and foul-mouthed exhibit ever to appear in your magazine: "The Crocodile" [RAMPARTS, April 1966].

You'd better move back to Menlo Park, gentlemen; you're not ready for the big city.

R. TANTALO
Rochester, New York

20TH CENTURY PURITANS

SIRS:

Your magazine is a middle-class "Fact." And frankly, I'm just a little bit tired of all these publications, well-heeled columnists, etc., constantly reminding me what UGLY AMERICANS we are. I think you're all a bunch of 20th century puritans.

The world is in turmoil, has always been and probably always will be. But I think it's a better place than it would otherwise have been if the United States had never reared its ugly head.

Maybe we should never have gotten "involved" in 1941. I think Munich was Vietnam and not Spain. Most of the people loved the Nazis and the Fascists (talk to a few people who lived in Austria and how Hitler bettered their lives). So a few minorities got wiped out. But if the vast majority were better off and the bad elements were baked, why should we have gotten involved? Why didn't we let Hitler's revolution take its course? The people wanted it.

We were fed a bunch of pap about how great we were. Somehow it was okay to wave the flag then, wasn't it? Remember Kate Smith and "God Bless America" and all that crap?

Today things are different. Somehow it's "liberal" to let the Communists do what we would never let Hitler do. I don't know about you but I'd rather live under Hitler than Stalin. I might have even qualified for a superman.

Now, if you don't mind, I'll go back to my National Observer.

GARDNER MACARTNEY
Methuen, Massachusetts

SIRS:

Flying over the United States watching an Ann-Margaret "strip" show, on the way to a conference for the purpose of devising a new scheme to enable our military to outwit the Russian radars, is as good a place as any to decide to adopt a liberal magazine. I cannot agree with some of your positions. However, I believe that your liberal and frequently dissenting news organ is one of the most important information disseminating and analyzing media in the free world.

PHILIP S. CARTER
Palo Alto, California

VORPAL GALLERY

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JULY

STEPHEN OSBORN
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Charlie's long march

ON THE battlefield the GI's call them "Charlie"; at headquarters in Saigon, the "V.C." In the conservative papers they're the Viet Cong and in the liberal press, the "NLF." In the East they are "the Front" or "our glorious comrades of the Vietnamese liberation army." In the West one would prefer not to call them anything. One fights them without knowing them.

Jean Lacouture

Illustration by Dugald Stermer

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Seen from Washington they were at first a fiction. Now, they are merely a faction. In the beginning it was a form of Red banditry, a *mélange* of folkloric agitation and fanatical refusal to obey the decent laws of the good Mr. Diem. Later one saw them as the advance guard of an invasion of free South Vietnam by a North Vietnam likened to Nazi Germany. This assumed a historical resemblance between Ho Chi Minh and Hitler which impressed at least Mr. Rusk.

Today it is a matter of different "groups" manipulated by the North but only representing, according to Mr. Goldberg or Mr. Ball, and according to the time of day, from one half to one and one half per cent of the population. A feeble proportion, but so active, it would appear, that with the support of Northern elements estimated at 25,000 men, it has prompted the shipment to Vietnam of hundreds of thousands of U.S. soldiers, supporting a "nationalist" army of more than 600,000. Accursed little groups, who are not content with being tough in combat, but who have lived to see themselves acknowledged "the major factor on the South Vietnamese political scene" by George Carver, a CIA agent and learned spokesman for the most conservative circles of the Administration, in a major article in Foreign Affairs (April 1966).

WE CAN UNDERSTAND neither the nature nor the present behavior of the "Viet Cong" without recalling several stages in its historical development. For revolution is not a new phenomenon in South Vietnam — it is a "long march."

It begins in the early '30s, with the formation of the Communist Party of Indochina (CPI), the appearance of powerful Trotskyist groups in Saigon, and the growth of politico-religious sects and the Vietnam Quoc Dan Dang, the Vietnamese Kuomintang, more active in the North but present also in the South.

A second stage, opening in 1945, is the anticolonial insurrection against France, which ends in 1954 with the Geneva compromise. The revolutionaries of the South foot the bill, for the South is left in the conservative hands of Mr. Diem. The third stage in the history of the movement is Saigon's refusal to implement the Geneva accords (and to a lesser degree Hanoi's), touching off the formation of a *maquis* of rebels in places like Quang-Ngay, Zone D and the Plain of Joncs. During the fourth stage, the North becomes aware of the agitation in the South and seeks to harness this revolutionary force which will serve its objectives of reunification and socialization. And in the fifth stage, Hanoi comes out openly in support of the revolts in the South and gives its sponsorship to what is now officially called the National Liberation Front of South Vietnam.

From here we see the radicalization of the movement. It starts in 1961 after the creation of the People's Revolutionary Party (PRP), the Communist section inside the "Front." At the same time there is competition between the autonomous "Southern" tendency in the NLF and the growing influence of Hanoi, due to escalation of the war and the increasing numbers of North Vietnamese troops and cadres in the South.

Revolution in South Vietnam is an old story. It is not an import from the North. In fact, political life under French colonial rule is always more violent in the South than in the North. The avowedly colonial regime imposed on the South (the North is a mere protectorate) leaves Saigon and its hinterland more open to modern and progressive influences. And while nationalism is developing at Hué and Hanoi, diverse revolutionary tendencies are making themselves felt in Saigon and the back-country. In the sizable French colony, largely composed of working class whites, leftist ideas gain currency, particularly after 1935, with a corresponding influence on the Vietnamese elites. The system of land distribution, much more feudal in the South, favors the flowering of radical movements, as does the growth of a proletariat in the urban area around Saigon. The CPI, created at Haiphong in 1930 at the instigation of Ho Chi Minh (then known as Nguyen ai Quoc), has a strong section in the South. And the Trotskyists are strong enough in 1932 to win four or five seats in the Saigon municipal election.

The Trotskyists owe much of their success to an exceptional leader, Ta Thu Tau, a popular figure known for his fiery oratory. The Communists have a competent leadership — Dr. Thach, Duong Bach Mai and Tran Van Giau — but they suffer, up to 1941, from the conservative directives of their French "brother" party, then hogtied by its support of the Popular Front government of Leon Blum. During the war the Communists are persecuted, and several dozen of them are sent to the prison at Poulo-Condors, an island in the Indian Ocean still considered to be "the university of the revolution."

If the Trotskyists are powerful in Saigon, the Communists are doubly so in the countryside. In 1941 a vast dragnet operation is launched in the Mytho region, 50 miles south of Saigon in the Plain of Joncs, resulting in the arrest of 3,000 Communists — which gives some idea of the party's strength in the area. The Plain of Joncs is to become a stronghold of the Viet Minh, and later of the Viet Cong. Few rural areas in the world of that time contain so many avowed Marxists.

THE ELIMINATION of the French administration by the Japanese in 1945, followed by the collapse of the Japanese, creates a vacuum which gives an extraordinary impetus to the Communists.

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Ho Chi Minh marches on Hanoi with the guerrillas he has been training for four years in southern China and seizes power, with a sense of timing and a genius for tactical alliances reminiscent of Lenin in 1917. But in the South, the Communist high command, obsessed by its rivalry with the Trotskyists, loses valuable time, devoting its energies to ill-directed violence and repression (Ta Thu Tau is assassinated). French units, freed from Japanese prisons and assisted by the British regiments of General Gracey, seize the occasion and take power. The responsibility for the ineffectiveness of the Communists can be laid to Tran Van Giau, whose fanaticism and taste for violence leave him soon isolated and unpopular.

Defeated, the Communists of the South take to the *maquis*, applying the strategy of alliances with the nationalists so well defined by Ho Chi Minh at the time of the creation of the Viet Minh Front and the dissolution of the Communist party. Of the 12 members of the Committee of Nam-Bo (South), Marxists hold only two posts (interior and economy). Military affairs are directed by a nationalist, the famed Nguyen Binh, who is to be liquidated in 1952, probably on the orders of the North Viet Minh high command.

The war against the French expeditionary corps is never as hot in the South as in the North. But the battle in the South has more political overtones and gives to the Communists, more than to their allies, the opportunity to train the population. They work the peasants "in depth," initiating an agrarian reform which succeeds better than in the North and wins them a great prestige among the peasants. As the war draws to a close in 1954, the Viet Minh controls wide areas of South Vietnam — more than half the Mekong Delta, the Camau peninsula in the far south and Quang-Ngay, along the 14th parallel.

Nevertheless the Geneva powers — including the Russians, Chinese and Viet Minh — decide to divide Vietnam at the 17th parallel, which will deprive the revolutionaries of several millions of their partisans, about a fourth of the population they formerly controlled. Viet Minh partisans are to be regrouped into five zones, and then move north. By and large the order is obeyed. The Communists order about 100,000 men north, leaving 5,000 as cadres for agitation, for the future. In carrying out the Geneva formulas, the Communists have to put considerable pressure on their nationalist allies, less ready than they to respect a treaty guaranteed by Messrs. Molotov and Chou En Lai. Once again, as in the years 1936-40, the Communists acquire a reputation as moderates and opportunists, a reputation they will try to live down later.

Thus, in 1954, the revolutionary movement in the South is delivered to the mercies of Mr. Diem. The Geneva accords provide that no one may be prosecuted for his activities during the war. But the Diem regime respects the rule even less assiduously than the authorities in the North. Pro-Viet Minh partisans in the South, Communists and nationalists alike, are soon to be the victims of a witch hunt. Feeling betrayed, they will not be very good citizens of South Vietnam; nor will the survivors of the sects crushed by Diem in 1955.

The underground begins to take form in 1956, in the west, around Chaudoc and Long-Xuyen, and in the northwestern plantation zone, near the Caodaiste center of Tayninh. The categorical refusal of the Saigon government to hold the elections called for in the Geneva documents and the growing severity of the repression push the revolutionaries into violent opposition.

Throughout the first phase of the revolt, it remains purely "Southern." The cadres left behind by the Communists play rather a moderating role, the watchword from Hanoi being "respect of the Geneva agreements," in accord with the then Moscow-and-Peking line. It is only slowly that Marxists begin to penetrate the anti-Diem movement. By this time the movement is anti-American as well, in view of Washington's unequivocal support of the Saigon government and the reinforcement of the U.S. military mission. As early as 1959 the revolt has already assumed sufficient magnitude for Diem to say on receiving the Gaullist vice-president, Antoine Pinay, in Saigon: "We, too, have our Algerian war . . ."

STILL HANOI GUARDS its reserve, but emissaries sent South report that the rebels are beginning to denounce the cowardice of the Northern regime. The Central Committee of the Lao-Dong (Communist Party reconstituted in 1952) studies a report presented by Le Duan, deputy secretary general and veteran of the war in the South. Le Duan recommends that North Vietnam give its total support to the anti-Diem movement, arguing that the Geneva accords no longer have any validity after the violations committed in the South. About this time Diem pushes through a law permitting the execution of suspects, and nullifies the landslide election to parliament of Dr. Dan, an outspoken but firmly anticommunist opposition leader.

It is only in 1960 that Hanoi clearly assumes its responsibilities. But it is not without considerable soul-searching. The "Viet Cong" (abbreviation of Vietnam Cong San, or Vietnamese Communists), as Messrs. Diem and Nhu like to call them, have at this time only a small minority of Communists in their ranks. Ho Chi Minh and his advisors note, however, that the anti-Diem nationalists are redoubling their activity — the solemn appeal of 18 leaders in April calling for a return to democracy; feverish intrigue in the Army that will result in the abortive coup of

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November 1960. Diem's regime appears to be tottering, and the Communists fear being outdone by the nationalists, fear the nationalists will be the beneficiaries of the coming victory over Diem.

Then, at the Third Congress of the Lao-Dong, September 1960 in Hanoi, in the presence of a strong Soviet delegation, Le Duan pushes through a program of energetic support for the revolutionary movement in South Vietnam. More important still, he is elected secretary-general of the party, replacing Ho Chi Minh, who retains the presidency. Thus the partisan of intervention in the South is at the controls. He circulates to his comrades in Hanoi the text of an appeal made the previous March by "a group of veterans of the South Vietnamese resistance," which says the time has come for a general insurrection against the "My-Diem" dictatorship ("My" means American). Ho Chi Minh and his comrades now intend to act swiftly to take control of this movement.

It is thus with their open support that the creation of the NLF is announced in December 1960, grouping together the forces which have struggled against Diem for four years. To all appearances, Communists are in the minority. And the ten-point program announced by the NLF might be that of almost any agrarian nationalist party of the Third World, except, perhaps, for the denunciation of American "imperialism" and "monopolies." The insistence on neutralism, on independence for the South, on the necessary alliance with Cambodia and Laos, gives the impression that the movement seeks the help of a variety of allies and prefers not to antagonize anyone but Saigon.

If Hanoi has surely approved the simple formula of an organization that will serve as cadre and high command for the uprising, it feels at the same time that this type of Front (as in the time of Nguyen Binh, in 1950), gives the nationalists an unnecessary predominance. These misgivings prompt the formation, early in 1962, of the People's Revolutionary Party, a resurrection of the Southern section of the CPI. This time the language is clearly Marxist, and the job of this hard Communist cell is to channel and control the activity of the Front.

CURIOUS, but we don't find the old chieftains of the Southern CPI at the head of the PRP, neither Dr. Thach, who has become minister of health in Hanoi, nor Duong Bach Mai, nor Tran Van Giau, purged for ultra-left adventurism in 1945 and consigned to an honorific post in Hanoi. The key figures in the PRP seem to be Vo Chi Cong, vice-president and, it is believed, acting secretary-general of the NLF, and General Trung, reputed to be a pseudonym for Nguyen Son, a top aide of Viet Minh General Giap at the time of Dien Bien Phu.

The injection of the PRP inside the NLF — a spine, so to speak — is one of the factors in the radicalization of the Front. But this is not due simply to the calculations of Hanoi. The realities of the extension of the war inevitably give priority to elements that are the most battle-trained, most experienced in organizing, closest to Hanoi and thus most capable of making liaison with Northern units operating on Southern soil. These are estimated at 25,000 soldiers and specialists, comprising about 10 per cent of the revolutionary forces. But more than anything else, it is the U.S. bombings, North and South, that strengthen the PRP position inside the NLF and give it authority among the people.

Recent reports from "V.C." controlled zones show two startling developments:

1. That PRP strength has grown in four years from 7,000 to nearly 100,000 partisans.

2. That PRP cadres are less inclined to use ruses with the population, and tend to present themselves more and more as Communists.

It is hardly astonishing that from the point of view of the interests of the Party, a prolonged war is desirable. What is more astonishing is to see this opinion shared by Dean Rusk.

The long march of the "Viet Cong" is not finished. Everything indicates that as long as the war lasts, the movement's orientation will move more and more toward the left. But there is one other reality we must keep firmly in mind, and that is the profoundly Southern character of the movement. None of the fighters of the NLF, certainly, would deny that their goal is as much the reunification of Vietnam as its independence. But the program of the Front, and the comments of its spokesmen on the need for a long breathing period before reunification, show that the Front is still deeply marked by the original history of the revolutionary movement in South Vietnam. The sects, the secret societies, the Communists, the nationalists are still there, and to believe that they will blindly accept dictation from the North is to falsify their history and present development.

Jean Lacouture, author of Vietnam — Between Two Truces (*Random House*) *and of a biography of Ho Chi Minh, has had long experience both as a diplomat and a reporter. In 1951 Lacouture joined the staff of Le Monde, first serving as head of the overseas bureau, and now as a reporter. He has also been diplomatic editor for Combat and the Cairo correspondent for France-Soir. In France, he teaches at L'Institut du Développement Economique et Social and is a Fellow for the Near Eastern Program at Harvard University.*

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by Truman Nelson

Woodcuts by Stephen Osborn

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[MR. NELSON'S PREFACE]

How can I make you believe this?

THIS IS WHAT IS BLOCKING the long outcry in my throat, impacting the anger and frustration until I too become dumb and sick with the gorge and glut of my own indigestible fury. Even keeping my voice down, speaking in a whisper, my breath staggers and halts under the weight of this monstrous wrong.

On April 17, 1964, an incident took place in Harlem. Some pre-teenagers, running down Lenox Avenue, tipped over a bushel box of fruit. The fruit rolled down the sidewalk. Some picked it up to replace it; others began to throw it around. The owner of the stand called the police. They came in force and fell on the children with drawn guns and flailing clubs, in an attack so fearful and merciless that the people came swarming out of their tenements in horror and shock.

Some young Negroes, teenagers, felt compelled to come between the attackers and their defenseless victims, and became, in turn, the victims. These boys were handcuffed and beaten in the street and then taken to the precinct house, where, handcuffed, they were beaten again, mercilessly and incessantly by cops who exchanged uniform coats for sweatshirts so as to carry on with more comfort and efficiency. The boys were beaten steadily from four in the afternoon until around midnight, taken to the Harlem Hospital to be patched up, taken back and beaten again (handcuffed as usual), with the sweatshirted police working in shifts.

A few days later, on April 29th, the homes of these boys were invaded by 20 or 30 police and the boys, along with three others who had been associated with them in a rooftop pigeon club, and whose names were also on file at the police station, were taken to the precinct house. Some of them were beaten again. Their mothers were not told where they were or why they had been picked up. During the arrests the mothers were treated as brutally and coarsely as if their homes had been invaded by a force as lawless and arrogant as Nazi stormtroopers. These mothers kept vigil through the night at the precinct they suspected of holding their boys. In the early morning hours they learned that the boys were to be indicted for the first degree murder of a Mrs. Margit Sugar, owner of a second hand clothing store on 125th Street.

The same morning the mothers also learned that three boys had been beaten and that all three had made confessions. People in Harlem have a deep-seated distrust of both Legal Aid and court-appointed defenders; they think these lawyers are working for the enemy. So that later, visiting their sons in prison, the boys pleaded with their mothers to get different attorneys.

The judge, reading from a precedent established in 1901, decided that indigent paupers, such as these boys, and most Negroes now appearing in white courts, "can have no part in selecting the counsel authorized to be assigned to him by the court and paid for by the county . . ." because such indigents are "but poorly able to choose or recommend." The boys were then assigned counsel they did not want, could not trust and would not confide in.

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MEANWHILE, THE NEW YORK PRESS, the Times leading the lynch mob, opened up a daily attack on the defendants. They were said to be racists, attacking white people because they were white and were "identified" as members of a killer gang called the Blood Brothers inspired by "Malcolm's anti-white philosophy." After a series of hair-raising articles by a Times feature writer, Junius Griffin, on the Blood Brothers killer gang and the whole murderous, racist turbulence in Harlem, the Times was asked by the NAACP to document the existence of the Blood Brothers. They did not, or could not.

The trial of these boys, now known as the Harlem Six, did not take place until March, 1965. By then the taint of murderous racism and their unproven membership in an alleged organization had condemned them beyond any presumption of innocence, in the eyes of the white community. During the trial the mothers were taken separately to conference rooms by the court-appointed attorneys and were entreated to prevail upon the boys to confess to a lesser charge which would let them off with a sentence of one-to-five. The mothers meditated this tragic and agonizing dilemma for most of the sleepless nights of the trial period and then rejected the deal without consulting their sons. These latter, standing mute for the most part, in the exacerbating presence of a defense felt by them to be neither skillful, compassionate, nor just, rose at one point to collectively announce their conviction that they could not get justice in "this white man's court."

For this further small act of resistance they were sent forthwith to the insane ward of a nearby hospital to determine what kind of craziness had caused them to so question the mercy and benignity of their country's courts and laws. Then they too were offered the deal to plead guilty and receive a sentence of one-to-five instead of life imprisonment. But oddly enough, Daniel Hamm, 18, Robert Rice, 17, Willie Craig, 17, Walter Thomas, 18, Wallace Baker, 19, and Ronald Felder, 18, chose to reject their forced confessions and to heroically uphold the confidence of their mothers and their friends by enduring the verdict of life imprisonment, literally staking their young lives on their own innocence and a new trial. Oppressed people have a history of suffering more punishment for their innocence than their guilt. It seems to be one of the saddest features of the human condition that the innocent must suffer for the guilty. In this case we are the guilty.

Meanwhile this debt, this wrong, accumulates in this city, the city of light, with its towers of buildings radiating light and richness, which offers a variety of sensation and pleasure that beggars the opulence of the dalliance of kings, which constantly talks about itself with ardor and admiration as if Harlem did not exist in the shadows of this forest of light. As if Harlem were not saturated with wall-to-wall cops and a show of repressive force unthinkable outside an occupied country.

It is the law that should be the healer. Simple compassionate justice, intelligent enforcement agencies contribute far more to the health of a community than its hospital. Thoreau says the law can never make man free if men do not make the law free. A law for free men guards the inviolability and thus the dignity of the community and its citizens by restraining acts of hostility against them. But what happens in a community when these acts of hostility and humiliation come from the law itself?

Truman Nelson wrote *Torture of Mothers* in the Autumn of 1964 in the aftermath of Harlem's "long hot summer." The bulk of the book consisted of tapes taken directly from the lips of mothers and children, the victims of the incidents he describes here. Despite considerable searching he was unable to find a commercial publisher who would take the book and decided to publish it on his own Garrison Press. Since then the book has made the rounds in a kind of private literary circuit but has received almost no attention from the major reviews. We are publishing a short selection from this powerful book in the hope that it will attract the concern which it deserves.

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They had this kid in between the cops.
So I spoke up and asked them, Why are you beating him like that?
You all going to take him on to jail.
You don't have to beat him like that.
Police jump up and start swinging on me.
He put the gun on me and said get over there.
I said what for?
Then one hit me on the back of the head from behind.
I tried to protect myself,
Moving in towards the one that was in front of me.
I tried to fight, but it wasn't useful, because there was three of them.
I was in the Series, I was in the midst of three policemen.
Then one hit me on my right shoulder,
And when I turned to my left there was a cross blow,
You know, a swing crossways.
He hit me up side of my eye.
Then all the pain like a crack ran through my whole head.
The best thing I could do then was fold up
And try to protect myself on the ground.
They took me upstairs in the detective office and there they started,
Like when everyone else got there, they started beating on us.
They came in with oranges and started smashing them in people's faces,
Saying . . . you like fruit, you like oranges, well try these.
There were five of us, all handcuffed behind our backs.
It went on for a while. About thirty-five I'd say
Came into the room and started beating, punching us in the jaw,
In the stomach, in the chest, beating us with a padded club . . .
It's not a blackjack but it's got leather on it
And it's got big stitches on the side and it's about twelve inches long.

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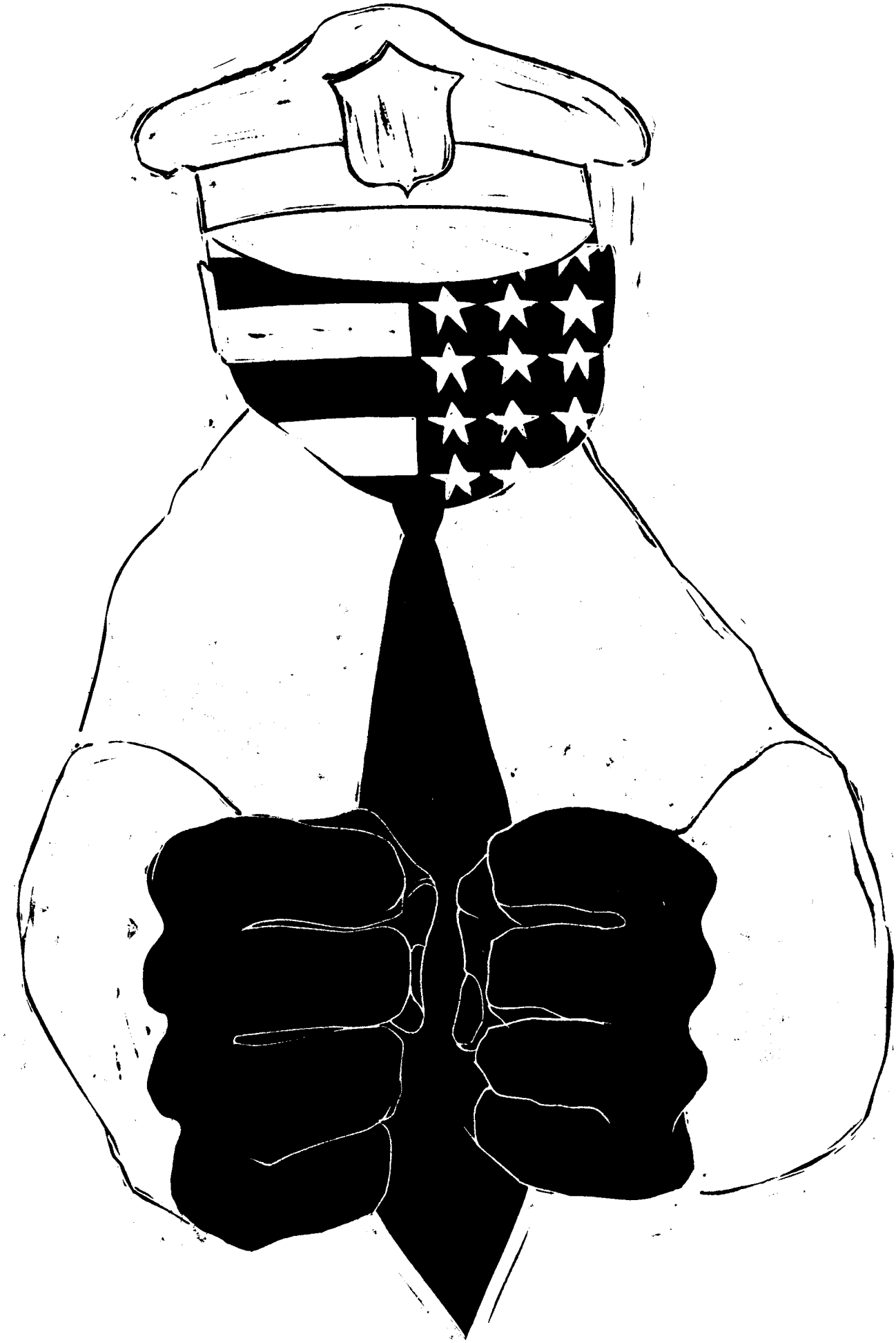

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They just beat us across the back, pull us on the floor,
Spit on us, call us niggers, dogs, animals.
You got what you deserve, these are the things that they said to us.
They call us dogs and animals when I don't see why.
There could have been an easier way for the police
To subdue everybody out there that day
Than going through the things we went through,
Beatings and throwing down and kicking and everything.
No one out there had any weapons;
The only ones that had weapons was the police.
They could have used other methods stopping what was going on.
But the police don't have no like for us, black people in general.
The way they handle this, that proved they don't have no like for us,
No respect.
The way they did this, really they didn't have to do it like this.
They was like more or less afraid.
I don't know why they should be afraid of anyone out there.
They have everything on their side.
They come in a drove with clubs, guns and everything else.
No one else out there has no weapons.

[DANIEL HAMM]

We got halfway up the block and we heard a police siren,
And we didn't pay much attention to it and then we heard children scream.
We turned around and walked back to see what happened.
As I got closer to the corner I saw this policeman with his gun out
Waving it at some young children and with his billy in his hand.
I like put myself in the way to keep him from shooting the kids,
Because first of all he was shaking like a leaf
And jumping all over the place,

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And I thought he might shoot one of them.
So I stepped in his way to keep one of the kids from getting hurt,
Trying to find out what was going on . . . and he turned on me.
I tried to get out of his way,
But as I ran and got in the middle of the street,
A patrolman apprehended me by the neck, flipped me over,
And put his knee on my chest.
We went to the precinct and that's where they beat us
For nothing at all.
They like turned shifts on us,
Like six and twelve at a time would beat us,
And this went on practically all day we were at that station,
They beat us till I could barely walk and my back was in pain.
My friends they did the same till they bled.
All the time they were beating us they never took the handcuffs off.
They don't want us here.
They don't want us . . . period!
All they want us to do is work on these
Penny ante jobs for them . . .
And that's *it* . . .
And beat our heads in whenever they feel like it.
They don't want us on the street
'Cause the World's Fair is coming,
And they figure that all black people are hoodlums anyway
Or bums, with no characters of our own.
So they put us off the streets
So their friends from Europe, Paris or Vietnam –
Wherever they come from –
Can come and see this supposed to be Great city.

[MRS. HAMM]

I didn't know anything about this.
They didn't call me.
When I saw him he couldn't pull up his pants,

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He had a blood clot on each leg.
But they didn't bother to call me.
I had went to the precinct to see about him
And see about the other boy, Fred Frazier,
'Cause I knew his mother was working at the time.
And they wouldn't let me in the precinct.
They told me he would be in court nine o'clock tonight
And made everybody in front of the precinct go away.
When I was there it was lined up with policemen
Stopping people from going in.
That night when Fred Frazier's mother came home
She had to go to the hospital to sign for him,
For twelve stitches in his head.
They kept them overnight,
Then they were bailed
And charged with incitement to riot and assault.
Danny told me they beat him all night
And how they called more ones in to help.
His hands looked like they stuck pins in them.
I know it's unbelievable but it's the truth.
You just have to fight back the best way you know.
'Cause when I saw this it was unbelievable.
I mean I just couldn't believe it.
I kept asking him are you sure, are you sure, because...
Well, I saw the blood clots and the bruises,
But I just couldn't accept a police would do a thing like that.
I just couldn't accept it.

[WALLACE BAKER]

I seen some little boys picking up fruit from the ground,
So they start coming toward One-Twenty-ninth and Lenox Avenue.
So I seen three policemen running over there
And grab one between his legs
And get ready to hit him with a stick.
So I ran over and tried to stop him.

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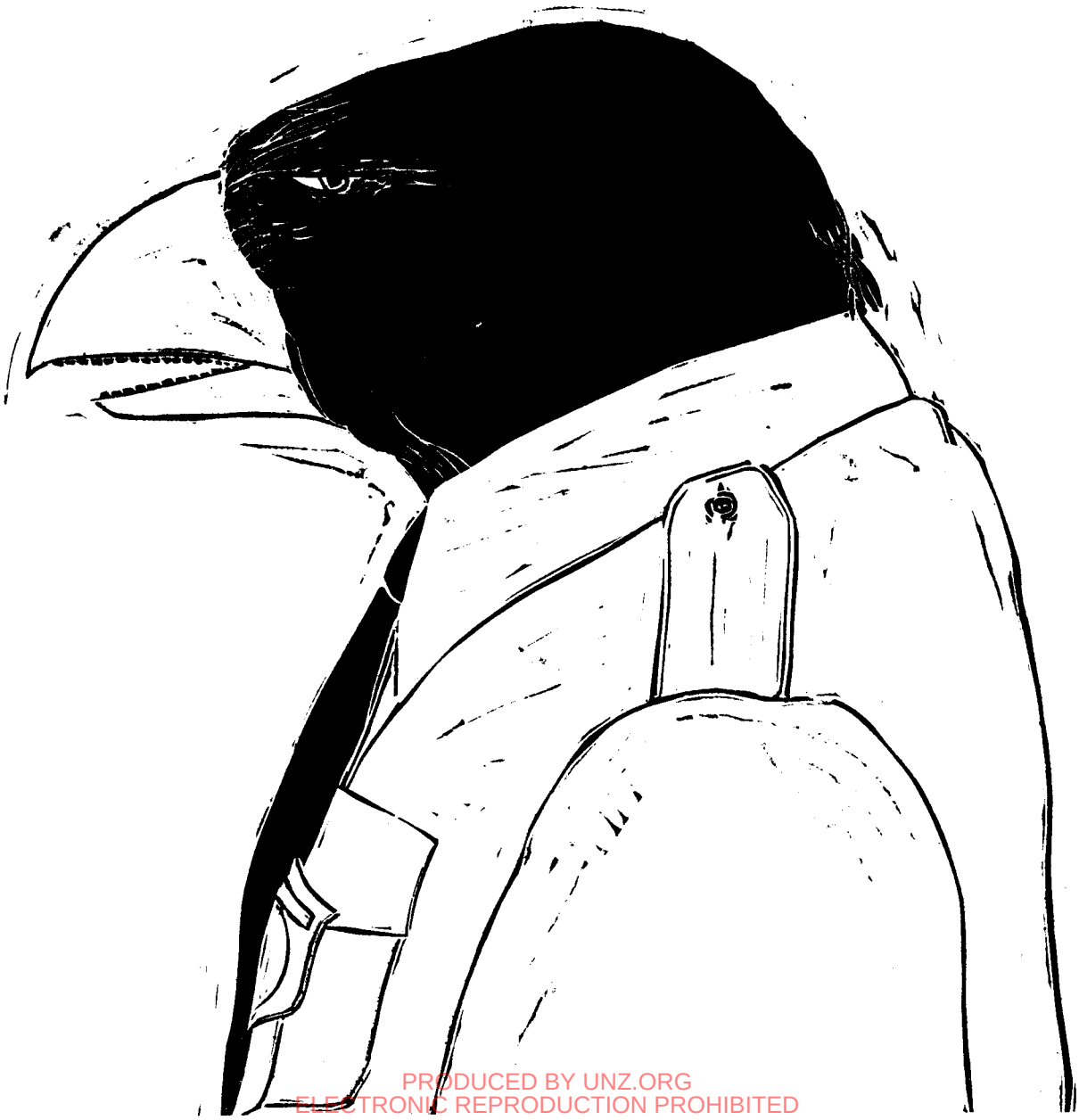

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And two of them jumped on me and beat me for nothing.
Then they put me in the car, handcuffed to Danny Hamm.
In the car they were beating the brother
For having his hand on the door,
Hitting him on the hand with the blackjack.
And when they got us to the precinct station,
They beat us practically all that day,
And then at night they took us to Harlem Hospital to get X-rays.

[MRS. BAKER]

When he got home Wallace told me
They're beating us all night . . . every shift go off and one
come on.
Oh God!
How they step on their hands . . . handcuffs behind their backs.
People won't believe it.
But I could just look at him and tell practically all what
happen to him.
He still has the blood clots on his legs
They never tell me the charges on him.
I don't know what it was.
How could he know for what reason
If one group go off and another group walk in
And they say what did he do?
And then they start beating on him, took turns beating on
them,
And they continued all night . . .
Call them dirty dogs, black dogs,
Everything they called them.
For them to beat them like that.
Even one of them had the nerve to spit in Wallace's face.
They don't have to have a reason,
And I don't think there's nothing you could do.
They is the law and the law is always right.
You can stand up and they can shoot you down.
They in the right and you in the wrong.

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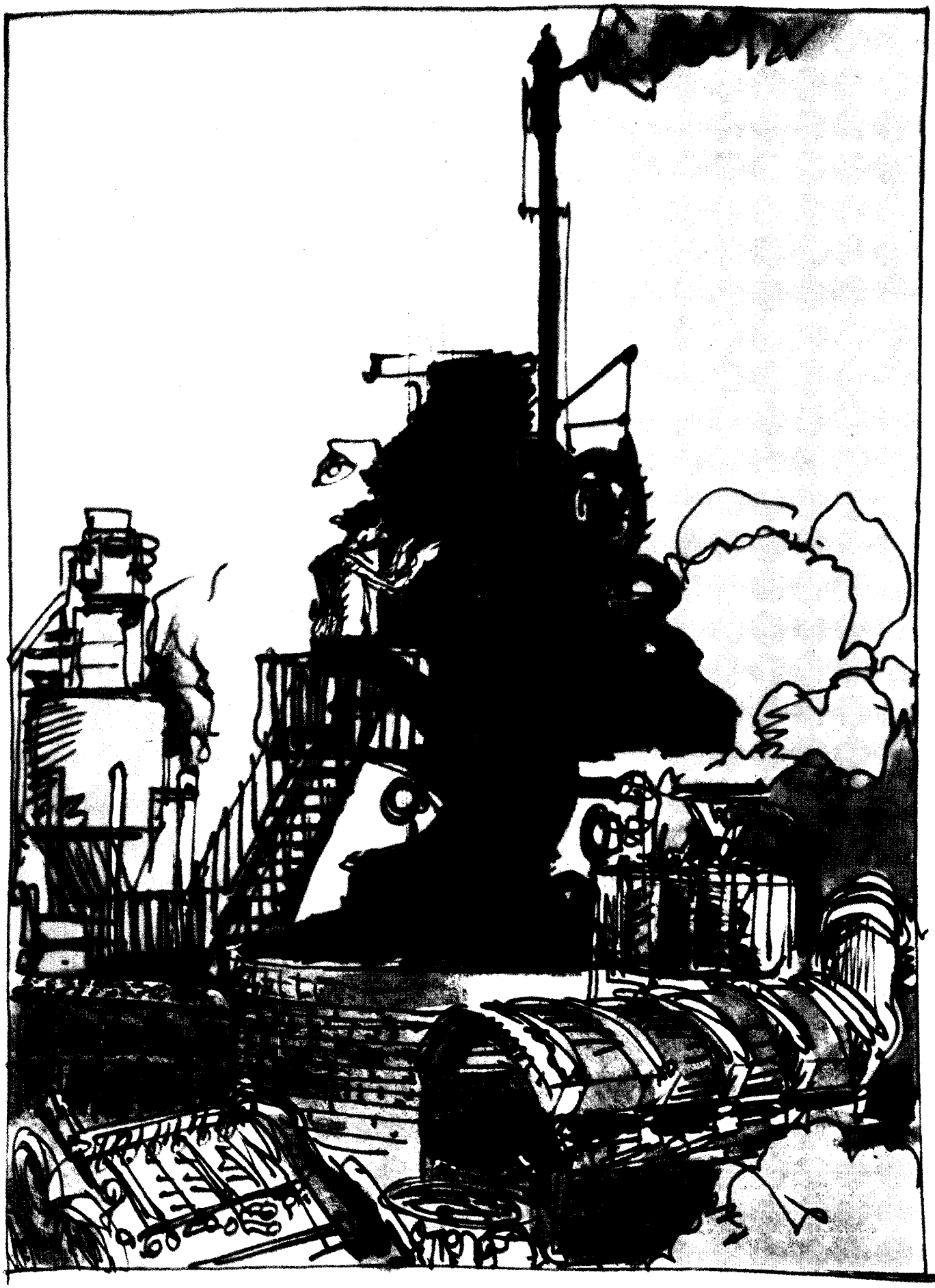

Illustrations by Gene Holtan

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The Signal

by Allen Wheelis

ONCE UPON A TIME there was a man who wanted to be a writer. Even as a child he wrote fairy tales, which his mother thought excellent but otherwise were not much read. In high school he yearned after girls but was afraid of them, and learned that a book, to be significant, must have a message. As it happened he had one: his first novel, written at seventeen in a dun-colored YMCA room during a winter of bitter loneliness, reported that love is a bridge. In college he studied philosophy; became, in turn, a Marxist, existentialist, pacifist, and militant organizer for SNCC; and wrote a utopia announcing that narcissism is overcome by sacrifice. At a voter registration drive in Mississippi he met Eloise, a school teacher from Wisconsin who seemed to know all his passions and secrets, and married her under a magnolia tree on a day when 17 students from Union Theological were forced to drink castor oil and driven naked out of Selma. Eloise was practical and strong-willed, and whisked him back to Madison where he became vice-president of her father's cheese factory. The following year a second novel disclosed that true love dies and that loneliness, though it may have respite, has no end. "I'm not a cheese-maker," he said, "I'm a writer"; quit the business; and wrote a play in six acts called "The Road," with a cast of 47 and a playing time of six hours, which made the point that seeking is better than finding. Divorced, penniless, still unpublished, he stuck with his chosen vocation. A poem in free verse of thirteen thousand lines asserted creativity to be the principle of life — perhaps of existence in general, for he found an analogue in the orbit of electrons, the trajectory of stars. Both his parents died of cancer; he lived alone, forgot his vitamins, became thin, and wrote a monograph declaring that creativity is in fact impossible. His name was Rainer and he marked his works with the sign of a fox.

Everything he wrote was rejected; all his messages stayed in his trunk; and his final work — an autobiography in three volumes which asserted that everything, especially the writing of books, is absurd — was not even submitted to a publisher. He himself wrote the review, found flaws but pronounced it a masterpiece, then burned the review, the autobiography, and the trunk.

Still he lived, and ate, and one day being particularly hungry he looked through job notices and saw "Writer Wanted." What the hell, he thought, so long as it pays.

The address led him through tunnels, past factories, warehouses, across railroad tracks to a huge building with a towering chimney, a column of black smoke, a muted hum, and a curious sweet smell. A wall of blackened brick rose up from the very edge of the street, unbroken for 50 feet, to a row of tiny windows. At regular intervals gargoyles extended open mouths from the red tile roof: griffins, snakes, satyrs, dragons — all convulsed in silent, stony shrieks. There was no sidewalk; Rainer walked in the street, dodged motorcycles, looked up at the black wall, until he came to a small door. A bronze plaque announced "Mack Confections, Inc." Here the hum was louder, like a cataract deep in the earth. He hesitated, looked without purpose at his watch, glanced up the now empty street, entered.

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In a dusty office he was lulled by the roar, was almost asleep when a tall heavy man with red hair, in a pink shirt with open collar, burst into the room and attacked him with an interview. "Can you spell?" the man shouted.

"Yes."

"Spell 'fate.'" Rainer passed this test without difficulty. "All right, my boy," the man said, rubbing his beefy hands, "give us a bit of sententious wisdom. You know what 'sententious' means?"

"Yes."

"Out with it then."

The bloodshot pig-eyes were no more than three inches away, the nose was neon, the hair stood on end, the breath was pure bourbon. Rainer turned away. A torn print of Botticelli's Birth of Venus flapped on the dusty wall. "*Absurd!*" Rainer murmured.

"Excellent!" the man roared. "You're hired."

"To do what?"

"This is a fortune cookie factory; you write the fortunes."

THE MAN WAS MR. MACK, the owner, who took Rainer into a long high cavern of a room, past vats of flour and mixing machines. A man measuring anise raised a hand in greeting; a pretty girl pouring sugar wiped her forehead and smiled. The roar grew louder; there was a clicking and a stirring, and now a huge belt carried masses of dough between rollers; in a sheet ten feet wide the dough passed onto a conveyor of shimmering steel balls between which thousands of whirling knives suddenly rose up and cut the sheet into oval fragments which danced like leaves on a stream and flowed on into a great machine which was clicking and clacking and spewing out ribbons of green paper. High up on this machine was a dais with a keyboard, and there sat a wretched Asian darting panicky glances over his shoulder as he hunted and pecked at the keys. On the other side of the machine the leaves of dough emerged, each bearing an inch of green tape; and now, suddenly, ten thousand steel fingers reached out of the trembling stream, folded the dough over the fortunes, and gently bent them double just as the river disappeared into an oven.

Mr. Mack picked up a streamer of tape, read, and exploded. "You're fired!" he yelled, grabbing the Asian by the shirt and pulling him off the stool. Rainer looked at the tape still spewing from the machine: *Freenship is the tresur of man*, it announced, and repeated it every inch. "You sonofabitch!" Mr. Mack yelled, shaking him, "You're ruining me. Get the hell out of here!" The man fled, Mr. Mack banged his fist on the stop button and the press fell silent though the river of cookies still flowed. "Stop the line!" he yelled, but no one heard, and he yelled ten more times and was quite hoarse, his face purple, before the line came to rest and the room was quiet. He mounted the dais, glared about and mopped his face with a red handkerchief.

"Now I'll show you how to do it," he said to Rainer. "C'mere. This is Tall Betsy," he said, patting the machine, "a lady and temperamental." He sat at the keyboard, extended his arms like a pianist, threw back his head and closed his eyes. A group of curious workers gathered. After a few moments succubus to the muse Mr. Mack lurched forward, typing, and the green tape sputtered forth: *Capital lies behind your eyes: invest it in the common stock of work.* "Like that," he said shyly, standing up and tearing off the tape. His face was a mixture of cunning and simplicity, of ruthlessness and sentimentality. "Only make it more goddamned interesting," he added, regaining his shouting voice. "Anybody finishing a Chinese meal is unsatisfied, but doesn't know what he wants. *You* give it to 'em! Something to wake them up. That weak tea won't do it. *You* do it. Sit down!" Rainer sat and Mr. Mack pressed on his shoulders with both hands: "Go!" he shouted.

Rainer brushed away the hands. "Give me room," he said.

Looking out over the crowd he saw a girl of such somber beauty in her wide still eyes, such store of passion in her broad soft mouth, that he felt the fish-hook in his throat and the great mushroom cloud blowing up in his heart. He caught himself in time, grinned at her, turned to the keyboard and wrote: *A pretty girl is the mirage of love on the desert of loneliness. Traveler beware!* The press coughed, jerked, gave out a puff of smoke, then clickety-clacked and spewed out the tape.

Mr. Mack caught it up instantly, his lips moving as he read. "Excellent!" he roared. "Excellent!" and pressed a button marked 10,000, which directed the machine to print that many. "Hey! you peasants!" he called, throwing the tape, "Look. We got a writer!" The crowd read and laughed, all except the pretty girl who looked sad and puzzled. "Now back to work!" Mr. Mack yelled. The press clickety-clacked, the conveyor system moved, the leaves passed into the machine and emerged, each with its message of mirage, the steel fingers folded them, and into the oven they went. Mr. Mack rubbed his beefy hands. "That'll cut the taste of chow mein," he yelled, clapping Rainer on the shoulder. "Keep up the good work, my boy."

Rainer examined Tall Betsy: a typewriter keyboard, with additional keys marked "go," "stop," "hold," "pro-tem," "1,", "10," "1,000," "5,000," etc., up to "100,000." So what to write? He saw children starving in India, soldiers being cut down by machine-gun fire, Jews in concentration camps, plagues, purges, inquisitions, witch hunts, and along the Appian Way an unending vista of crucified slaves. *Tragedy is the condition of man: deny it if you will with blindness, transcend it only with laughter.* Tall Betsy hiccoughed; Rainer pushed the "go" button. "The style is new," he said to the machine, "but you'll get used to it. Give it a thousand." Now he imagined himself an old man, dying alone in a rented room. *No second chance: it's now or not at all.* That's worth 20,000, he thought, and Tall Betsy seemed to agree. He laughed, I'm going to like this job.

And indeed he did: his writing no longer *had* a message, it *was* a message; he settled down to a pithy pessimism and for the first time in his life began to enjoy his vocation.

THE PRETTY GIRL WAS DELIA, who added sugar to the dough; her husband was Theo, who measured out the anise. They were drawn to Rainer, as he to them; they invited him home, took him hiking, picnicking, to concerts. He took them to restaurants, night clubs, casinos; they became a trio. Delia loved birds — finches and mynahs, parakeets and canaries, toucans and starlings — kept hundreds in all kinds of cages, would turn them loose on weekends, stand in her garden in a vortex of color, a detached smile on her face, hand raised with grain, eyes unseeing of this world but seeing in the beating of wings some past or future, some remoteness where none could follow and she was quite alone. Theo smoked a pipe, had a library of Oriental religion, and was researching a

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life of St. Francis as the founder of Zen. He played the recorder, warmed the milk for the tempted cat, solved chess problems but avoided the game, studied butterflies but never put one on a pin.

Within a few weeks after Rainer's arrival Mack Confections, Inc., was in the midst of a boom. Standing orders were increased and new orders arrived by the hour; production was stepped up, new hands were hired. Mr. Mack was gleeful, hopped about on one foot and then the other, speeding up the production line, peering over his bookkeeper's shoulder, wetting his lips, shouting encouragement to exhausted workers, counting his profits. The taste of the cookies had not changed; it was the tang of the message that was making the difference. Red and white trucks brought great sacks of letters praising the style and pith of the fortunes, and quite a few, also, denouncing the author as degenerate; people in restaurants sent compliments, not to the chef but the writer, and three men with moustaches sent challenges to duel. There was a sudden clamor for the writer's name. Anonymous, Rainer became a celebrity, was quoted by columnists, invited to address luncheons, rumored to be Russian; Herb Caen said he was a Beatle. The Pope issued a provisional excommunication, in case he were Catholic; the D.A.R. accused him of undermining American institutions; but the people, as Theo put it, "ate him up." Rainer withheld his name but added the sign of a fox to his fortunes.

The three friends would sit in restaurants and watch the breaking of cookies and reading of fortunes. Most people reacted as if it were their own particular lives upon which comment was made. They would laugh, become thoughtful, embarrassed, sometimes disturbed or angry. One night in Trader Vic's a middle-aged woman kept ordering cookies, not eating but searching as if for some particular fortune, some ray of hope perhaps; and not finding it apparently, for when she was at last led away, weeping, there was left on the floor a pyramid of broken cookies reaching to the table top.

Delia was fascinated, often became so curious that she would ask of a stranger what he had read. "I don't understand it," she said one evening in a Polynesian cafeteria. Across the room in the dim light two young heads bent lovingly together; the woman seemed to be pleading, the man holding back; the man broke a cookie, read his fortune, laughed; the girl read and seemed miffed, left abruptly. Delia went to their table and brought back the fortune. *To questions asked by women the answer is yes.* "See what trouble you make!" Delia said. Near them an old man ate alone with palsied hands, absently slurping tea in rheumy reverie; when finally he broke his cookie and read the fortune he reeled as if from a blow, knocked a spoon to the floor, shuffled across the room and out the door. Delia went instantly to his table. *Nothing in life is certain, but that it comes to a bad end.* "You're simply terrible!" she said.

"In the past," Rainer said, "nothing but rejection slips; now I write the slips, and nothing comes back. And since reading is oral, how appropriate to publish in food."

"What are you trying to do?" Delia said, "destroy all hope?"

"The binding is so sweet," Rainer said with a bow, "the message can afford to be bitter."

"But people can take only so much," Theo said mildly.

"I don't understand it," Delia repeated. "Why would anyone read such things?"

"If you find out," Rainer said, "why *you*, feeling as you do, read them, then you'll know."

MONTHS PASSED and the Fox was famous, but declined interviews, avoided reporters, would not be photographed. When newspapermen lined up at the front door he left by the rear. Mr. Mack wanted to cash in on the notoriety, arranged interviews, television appearances, was furious at Rainer's intransigence; but made peace suddenly when it appeared that the incognito was good business. Everybody was wondering about the Fox, writing about him; his identity became a national guessing game. Mack Confections had been one of 17 fortune cookie factories; now there were but four, and the other three were trembling. One by one they collapsed, or switched to dry cereals and comic books. The price of cookies went higher and higher, and Mack Confections became a world monopoly, supplying even Hong Kong and Peking. A staff of students translated the fortunes into 47 languages.

Mr. Mack became rich but refused to raise wages, said he couldn't afford it, held the union to the old contract, complained constantly about taxes and employed a staff of lawyers to be suing the government at all times. One morning after a year Rainer went into Mr. Mack's office. "I want more money," he said.

"I don't have it, you know," Mr. Mack said nervously, wetting his lips, "the government takes every penny, you must know that . . . don't you? Still you're a good worker. Actually I'd thought of giving you a raise — if someone works hard, is loyal, I simply want to reward him. Can't help it . . . just the kind of guy I am, I guess. So I . . . I'm going to raise you . . . to eighty-five dollars a week. How about that!" He beamed, was so touched by his generosity he began to cry.

"I want a hundred thousand a year," Rainer said, "and fifty per cent of the profits."

"You're not only crazy, you're impertinent. I won't stand it."

"Suit yourself, Mack," Rainer said, showing him a sheaf of job offers. "I can get it elsewhere. Those factories we knocked off . . . all of them want to come back to life."

So Mr. Mack gave in and Rainer took a 14-room penthouse on Telegraph Hill, had a cellar full of French wine, ordered suits from London, shirts from Florence, shoes from Zurich; drove a Ferrari and a Facel Vega. Hollywood wanted him in movies; he was offered a fellowship to the Center for Advanced Study in the Behavioral Sciences, invited to address the combined philosophy departments of Harvard, Yale, and Brandeis. He said no to everything, spent evenings with his two friends, would pick up a girl on his way home, come to work at noon with a yawn and a smile.

One afternoon Theo climbed Tall Betsy, lighted his pipe, sat behind his friend. *Without security life ends in panic; without risk, in mechanization.* Rainer pushed the button marked 5,000; Tall Betsy clickety-clacked, and the green tapes wafted onto the shimmering leaves of dough. Theo laid his hand on Rainer's shoulder: "Why don't you settle down? get married?" *Pleasure is the referent of value*, Rainer wrote, and ordered a thousand. "I'm worried about you," Theo said; "A man, like a tree, needs roots. You're so detached, so alone. Too much fun, not enough love. You stand outside of life and laugh." *Truth is not enough, laughter is essential.* "You can't go on like this; something will happen." "A bolt of lightning?" Rainer

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asked. "You can curse God a while," Theo said, "but make a career of it . . . yes, lightning. I'm afraid for you."

"Ah, Theo, you would tremble for my welfare but it's my morals that offend you."

Another time, a warm drowsy afternoon, it was Delia who sat beside him; from the grimy skylight far above them a shaft of yellow sun, teeming with motes, fell on her golden hair. *For the experienced actor promptings of despair are cues for laughter.* "Can't you write something sweet?" Delia said. "Just once? What's the matter with you? Think it would ruin your style? Move over!" She took over the keyboard: *Love creates its own reality, and so is beyond illusion.*

"No, damn it!" Rainer said, and hit the stop button. "You'll blow the fuses. Tall Betsy is used to me, won't take those lies." He reversed the press, cancelled her message, wrote, *Hope is the divining rod which dips to the sea of illusions.*

"I don't understand you," she said; "Why do you take so much away from people?" *Beware the questions of women: they say "Why?" but mean "Stop doing it!"* "Don't make fun of me," Delia said, suddenly pleading. "I'm your friend, am terribly fond of you, I simply want to understand you." Rainer kissed her, swung back to the keyboard: *Beware the woman who wants to understand you: she understands you already, wants now to change you.* "You're simply terrible," Delia said.

Once it happened that Theo was away, and Delia and Rainer spent a day together, swam in the ocean, waltzed on tile parquetry under the moon, drank tequila in a flamenco cellar, and when they got home finally Delia wouldn't stop, put on a record of Edith Piaf, brought out champagne. She threw open the cages and the birds flew screeching around her head. "Come dance with me," she said, but he refused. "Is Don Juan of the cookie factory worn out from his conquests? No more zip,eh?" She kicked off her shoes and danced with the circling birds, round and round in a flashing vortex of feathers, spilling champagne, pulling up her dress for high kicks, until suddenly she collapsed.

She woke to a terrible stab of guilt, but found she was fully dressed, covered with blankets; Rainer had put the birds in their cages, turned off the lights, and gone home. She got up with a hangover, but happy, and went to work; Rainer waved from his dais and she smiled. In the afternoon she climbed up beside him. "I'm so happy," she said; "and so grateful. You're not the opportunist you pretend to be. You put loyalty above pleasure . . . or you would have stayed last night."

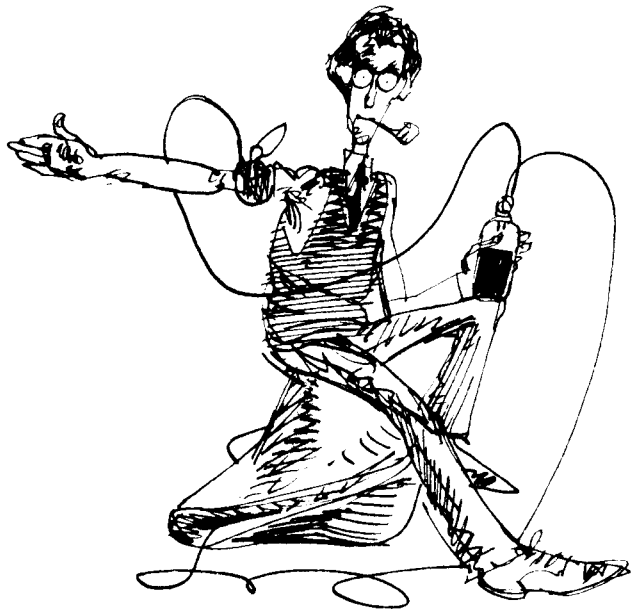
"You're mixed up, sweetie. You were fiercely seductive and I wanted to stay, you're right about that. But wrong about everything else. I put nothing above pleasure. The greater pleasure is simply with the three of us, the fun we have. No sacrifice. Sorry . . . I mean no slight to your considerable charms." *Faced with incompatible pleasures, choose the keener.*

In time Mr. Mack became the seventh wealthiest man in the world, lived in a castle with a moat, had 13 servants, one wife, two children, three mistresses; but was not happy. He became ever more irritable, fumed about the production line, complaining, scolding, losing his temper. "Oh you blockhead!" he said to Theo one day, "that's too much anise. How long've you been on this job? . . . My God! You're fired. Get the hell outa here," and in an upsurge of petulance slapped Theo in the face. "You're overwrought," Theo said; "better rest a bit." "None of your lip, young man!" Mr. Mack said, slapping him again; "I'll have your skin."

"What's the matter with Mack?" Theo asked Rainer. "Bad conscience," Rainer said. "He doesn't look well," Theo said; "I worry about him." "Well, don't," Rainer said, and wrote: *Bastards need to suffer: it helps them stand themselves.*

Bad luck befell Mr. Mack. Mrs. Mack left him, tied up the community property with injunctions, estranged their daughter. His teen-age son, driving drunk, had a head-on collision, suffered a broken back, killed the other driver. A disaffected worker with a shotgun left pellets in Mr. Mack's lung, powder burns on his face. He became thin, pale, explosive. Only to Theo did he feel close: he hung around the anise station, listened as Theo talked of poetry and philosophy, and sometimes became calm, showed human feeling.

He fell sick, was hospitalized. His son died; his wife and daughter would not visit him. He was found to have a malignant anemia, and to be of a blood type so rare that no donor could be located. He issued an appeal to his workers, but few came forward; he was about to die when Theo was discovered to be of the same type, and offered blood. This indebted Mr. Mack, and he became even more nasty, sarcastic. Delia visited him once and was showered with obscenity; his workers were eager for his death; he had no friends but Theo. The doctors said it was hopeless, but every day Theo would sit at his bedside, spoon-feed him, hold his hand, suffer his insults, give him hope.



Though Delia protested, two or three times a week Theo would give a transfusion. She asked Rainer to intervene. "What's this blood relationship?" Rainer asked Theo; "Why so wrapped up in the boss?"

"It's not the disease that's killing him," Theo said, "but his own hatred. He can't believe in love, so keeps proving to himself that no one can love him, by being so mean that no one will."

"A son of a bitch, in other words. But how does it concern you?"

"Maybe I can show him the reality of love."

"You're a fool, Theo, you're playing Christ. There are better roles, certainly less pretentious."

The transfusions did not help, Mr. Mack grew weaker,

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thinner, and one day Theo saw that he was dying. His flesh was yellow, he could not turn his head; only his eyes moved, and directed at Theo a baleful gaze. He seemed to want to speak, and Theo brought his ear close to the waxen lips. "Dying is bad enough," Mr. Mack whispered; "it's too much, in addition, to see your stupid face. Get from here and be damned and don't come back."

Theo looked at him a long moment then sat beside him, took his hand. "You don't mean that, Mr. Mack; I'm not going to leave you and you're not going to die. You will get well. Believe me. Trust me." Their eyes locked in struggle. After a while Mr. Mack seemed to surrender; hatred drained from his gaze, his face relaxed, he turned his cheek to the pillow and slept.

Now Theo was ill, almost as pale as Mr. Mack, his bones shaken by a sudden fever. The nurses put him to bed in Mr. Mack's room; Delia and Rainer kept watch, one of them always there. Delia wept, scolded, cajoled, but could not reach him. His eyes became luminous, his flesh dissolved, and on the third day he seemed not so much to die as to go to Heaven. Delia and Rainer walked away dry-eyed, abandoned. "I wish he had waited for me," Delia said.

THREE WEEKS LATER Mr. Mack left the hospital; a month later he was back at work — thin, quiet, ghostlike. As his strength returned he began to move about the factory, walk along the production line. Sometimes Delia would look up to find him staring at her from a dark corner, eyes brimming with tears. Often he mounted the dais and sat absently behind Rainer.

One day he called Delia into his office, with elaborate courtesy sat her down, started to speak; he swallowed, walked about, wiped his eyes, cleared his throat, planted himself before her. "Your husband . . . my dear girl . . . Theo . . . a great man, very great man. Never did it occur to me" — with the beginning of rhetoric he seemed to recover a bit — "that a truly great man would work here, in my factory, under this roof, measuring out the anise." He gazed at her hungrily, stroked the back of her hand, burst into tears. "My dear girl, I . . . am settling his salary upon you in permanent trust."

"Well bully for him!" Rainer said when Delia told him. "I'm not surprised about the tears, but am astonished they dissolve the glue that sticks him to money."

One morning Rainer found the bronze plaque replaced, the new one identifying the company as "Theobald Cookies, Inc." All the stationery had been changed, all the signs, and a long eulogy of Theo mailed to customers. Mr. Mack hung about Delia that day, beaming, but she was embarrassed and could say nothing. He went then to Rainer who gave him a sardonic stare: "What do you want, old boy? A pat on the head?" Mr. Mack suggested a series of fortunes dedicated to Theo: "I want every man who breaks a cookie, anywhere in the world, to think of Theo." Rainer exploded: "You shovel the sentiment, Mack; leave the fortunes to me." *The guilt of the quick raises monuments to the dead.* Mr. Mack turned away, crestfallen.

One Monday morning at 11:00 the alarm sounded, the production line stopped, and over the loudspeakers came Mr. Mack's funereal voice: "All hands stand by at the fortune press." He arrived with head bowed, hands clasped behind his back; mounted the dais, faced the crowd, and slowly raised his arms high and wide as if to embrace them all. For a long minute he held this pose. "We are gathered together," he said finally, "to honor the memory of our dear departed — fellow worker, loyal friend, dearly beloved . . ." his voice broke ". . . now lost to us. Let us bow our heads in prayer." Nothing could be heard in the great room but a faint whispering of wind high up in the skylight. "All of us," Mr. Mack continued, "have been grieving alone in our hearts. It will draw us closer if we share our grief and memories. Theo would have wanted this. I call first on Theo's best friend, our great writer."

Mr. Mack stepped aside, hands piously folded. Rainer looked out over the crowd; three men in the front row were crying. For a moment he hesitated, then stepped lightly to the edge of the platform.

"Not much to say. Theo was born in 1923, had few talents, an undistinguished life; pretensions to scholarship but a limited mind. He liked to sing, loved Scotch whisky, had a great eye for the pretty ankle — but was inhibited, guilty, would seldom look at a pretty knee. He was a fool, too, and died from giving too much blood. A gentle man, with a shy smile, a good friend. I'm sorry he's gone.

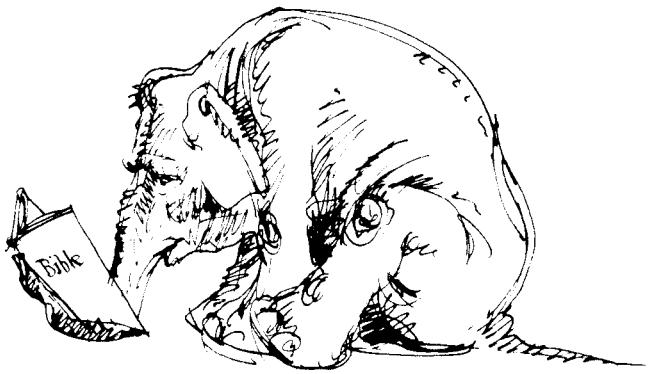
"But you do him no honor with these tears. It's not grief you feel, nor even loss, but self-pity. You weep for yourselves."

There was a murmur of outrage; Mr. Mack leapt to his feet. "I protest! In the name of his wife, friends, fellow-workers . . . in the name of us all I repudiate this description." Rainer shrugged, sat down. "Theo was a simple man, to be sure," Mr. Mack continued, "but in the way of Jesus. He was truly a Christ among us and no one shall defame him." He turned to glare at Rainer. "The idea of sacrifice," he went on, "is the fountainhead of morality; without it we are beasts in the jungle. But we must not take it for granted. It could be lost. It has lived from Calvary to this moment only because a few gallant, selfless spirits have embodied it at the cost of their own lives. Theo was one such, and we are blessed to have known him, honored to have heard his voice, touched his hand. We must enshrine his example in our spirits, labor to become worthy." He raised his arms. "Go now in peace, and may his grace be with you."

"I hand it to you, Mack," Rainer said as the crowd dispersed; "there was many a moist eye, many a drippy nose. Can you kiss babies too? . . . You ought to run for governor." Mr. Mack, descending Tall Betsy with clerical step, did not deign to reply.

That week Rainer wrote of morality:

The idea of sacrifice disguises the hope of saving one's own skin. Herd animals may be identified by the tendency to carry Bibles. Morals are the distillate of security operations.



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On Tuesday there were mutterings against him in the toilet; on Wednesday a petition to fire him was circulated; on Thursday as he left the factory 500 workers standing in a straight line stared in silent denunciation. On Friday when he arrived, Mr. Mack was standing on Tall Betsy before a crowd of workers, apparently having just finished a speech.

"I shall now myself write a fortune," Mr. Mack said, casting a nervous glance at Rainer. "In memory of Theo it will be disseminated in our famous confection throughout the world." He sat at the keyboard, speaking as he wrote: *Greater love than this hath no man, that he lay down his life for his friend.* There was a chorus of approbation, a few amens. Rainer leapt to the dais and hit the stop key. "Not over my mark," he said and, reaching into the machine, withdrew the sign of the fox. Mr. Mack then pressed the key that called for 100,000 copies. The machine sputtered, jerked. "You'll choke Betsy on that stuff," Rainer said, but presently the machine acquiesced, began the familiar clickety-clacking. Mr. Mack held aloft the tape. "The mark of the beast is gone," he said; "the essence of Christ remains."

On Monday Rainer again found Mr. Mack at Tall Betsy, writing, but no crowd this time. As Rainer started to mount the dais his way was blocked by Robert Farley, six feet four, 290 pounds. Farley was an ex-machinist, ex-musician, whose job was to sharpen the ten thousand knives which cut the dough into cookie-size leaves. He was a sentimental giant easily moved to tears, had served a term for manslaughter a few years back, having done in his wife with a butcher knife and tried to ship her out of the country, dismembered, in a cello case. Right now his eyes were red from crying, his shirt wet on either side of his chest where tears had dropped unnoticed. His face was contorted, his lips moved silently.

"What's with you, Farley?"

Farley stuttered, raised his arms, inarticulate, presently took the tape issuing from the machine, put it in Rainer's hand: *He that findeth his life shall lose it: and he that loseth his life for my sake shall find it.* Farley jabbed his fingers at this message several times, then gasped: "You . . . don't . . . write . . . any . . . more."

"Idiot!" Rainer said. "Out of my way."

"Don't push your luck, buddy." With the approach of violence Farley regained ease and voice.

Rainer grabbed his shirt and gave a shove, which had no effect; whereupon Farley with an easy swipe of his left arm knocked Rainer flat, sent him sliding ten feet on the floor. Rainer got to his feet grabbing a 12-pound spoon and had started for Farley when Mr. Mack jumped down between them. "Hold it, Rainer. A word with you please." He took Rainer's arm, drew him away. "Don't antagonize him," Mr. Mack said gently; "Come, walk with me. You and Farley must learn to love each other."

"You've flipped, boss. You got a psychiatrist?"

Mr. Mack gave a false and priestly chuckle, threw an arm lightly over Rainer's shoulder. "Some of the boys have been moved to express in writing their admiration for Theo, as is fitting and proper. So for a while perhaps . . . they will write the fortunes and you may . . . be relieved. Farley will lead off."

"But Farley is stupid!"

"He's devout. Intelligence is not everything."

"For a writer," Rainer said, "nothing can take the place of intelligence."

"Well there may be some little difference of opinion about that. Why don't you take a vacation. Get some rest. Meditate a bit, remember the past, think about Theo. It'll do you good . . . may help you understand what we're doing here."

They walked back to the press where Farley was now installed, his great hulking shape dwarfing the keyboard, darting uneasy glances here and there with his small tearful eyes. Rainer picked up the tape: *Blessed are the poor in spirit: for theirs is the kingdom of heaven.*

"But perhaps you should give me back that little fox-sign," Mr. Mack said. "Our customers seem to expect it."

"No dice, Mack. You can print the Bible verse by verse, but not over my mark."

For several days, in millions of cookies, Farley gave his thoughts to the world:

All of us are guilty: the only redemption is sacrifice.
So long as anyone in the world is dying all are guilty.
He that is without sin among you, let him first cast a stone.
You are your brother's keeper and your brother is everywhere.

On the fourth day he gave up all pretense of invention and, with Bible open before him, began pecking out the Gospel according to Matthew, and was quickly replaced; but not before 17 carloads of cookies had been stuffed with the genealogy of Christ (*And Aram begat Aminadab — Ezekias begat Manasses — And Zorababel begat Abiud*) and had to be destroyed.

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The next writer was Hartfell, the baker, huge, pasty-faced, dressed in white, and covered altogether, even his eyelashes, with a fine dust of flour. He did not so much sit on Tall Betsy as hover above her like a cloud. He was a philosopher, much concerned with the definition of man:

Cunning, perception, even foresight, all these we share with beasts: only sacrifice makes the man.

Some beasts look like men, talk like men, act more or less like men: but if they have not a willingness to sacrifice they are of the jungle.

Brevity was not within his compass. He grew quickly so verbose, even by the end of the first day, that his fortunes were running to three paragraphs; the folding mechanism was wrapping the cookies in the fortunes instead of the other way round, while from the oven came the acrid smoke of burning paper.

There was however no dearth of replacements. Secretly everybody was a writer, and there followed a succession of workers each presiding for a while on the dais pecking out favorite aphorisms, cherished platitudes, homespun insights. Tall Betsy had frequent breakdowns, blowing fuses, shorting out, giving off noxious fumes, occasionally even sending an electric shock into the seat of a writer. Mr. Mack thrived on the regime of piety, regained his rotund contour. In his face the lines of suffering faded, leaving only the guise of guilt.

RAINER NO LONGER CARED, nor spent much time in the factory. Occasionally he would wander in, read the tape, wave ironically to the sweating, lip-moving writer, walk along the production line, flirt with the girls. In an atmosphere of reverence he was inclined to make jokes, to whistle, and one Thursday was come upon in the spice room stretched out with a laughing redhead. "Cut down on the sugar," he told Delia; "they're putting so much in the fortunes you don't need it here." She was offended that he would not grieve for Theo, but he was unmoved. No time for that, he told her; sorry. She was lonely, he talked to her, and after a while she became less angry. He played with her birds, told funny stories, took her out in the evenings, and a time came eventually when he stayed the night.

One day as Rainer entered the factory Mr. Mack was lurking in the hallway. "Good-morning, son, how are you? Come in my office . . . sit here. This chair is more comfortable. Cigar?"

"What's the matter, Mack? You look worried."

"Well, I am . . . about you." He admitted this with a rueful boyish honesty, and bit off the end of a cigar. "Fact is I've never felt quite right about . . . putting you on forced leave, as it were. Oh it was my own doing, I'm the first to admit that. But it was not quite fair — I see that now. Anybody can make a mistake; I guess that's just the way we mortals are. But we have to make amends. So . . . I just want to say to you, man to man, 'I'm sorry,' and I'm giving you back your job."

"I don't believe you, Mack. Anyway I'm used to no work now, I like it."

Mr. Mack became reflective, took a different tack. "You know, Rainer, there's a lot of feeling against you, and it's bound to get worse. The men resent your getting paid without working. There was an attempt on my life, you know. The same could happen to you. Frankly I'm worried."

"You're cracking my heart wide open. What's that under your hand?" Rainer seized a folder that Mr. Mack was trying to hide, and in the tussle there fell to the floor a chart of sales which showed a precipitous drop. Rainer grinned: "Looks like a ski jump." Along with the chart was a sheaf of letters demanding the return of the Fox. "So that's it," Rainer said. "Ah Mack, was it just a good-time morality? Is it not also for adversity?" "None of your lip, young man!" "Would you, for mere money," Rainer went on, "call back a writer whose principles you deplore? How crass of you!"

Mr. Mack himself began the writing of fortunes, dredging from ancient depths fragments of Benjamin Franklin and Horatio Alger, but could achieve no zip or tang and every mail brought cancellations of orders. He tried then to copy Rainer's cynicism (*Life ends! — Check in your suit! — Meet you on the bridge!*) but people heard the phony note and were bored. He forged the sign of the Fox, but no one was fooled. Other factories reentered the field. Again he begged Rainer to write, offered a bonus, a larger share of profits. "Absolutely not," said Rainer. Mr. Mack hired one writer after another, firing them in quick succession; he brought Hartwell back for a while, even Farley. Nothing was left now of Mr. Mack's clerical manner: he strode along the production line, occasionally cuffing a worker, hovered about Tall Betsy, yelled at his writers, called them peasants, buffoons, and soon no one would write. He had to do it himself, would sit at the keyboard, sweat and swear and pound his head. His blood pressure rose, the rest of his hair fell out, his temper was extremely bad.

THE COMPANY WAS NOW FOUNDERING. Wages were lowered; every week scores of workers were laid off. The great room was poisoned by an atmosphere of distrust, recrimination; workers went about with lowered heads and sullen faces, muttered in the locker rooms, beat their wives at home. One day, as it occurred to Mr. Mack that a woman might have the knack for fortunes, he assigned the job to Delia. "I don't want it," she said. "Do it or get out," he said. Already her wages had been cut, the trust revoked; she could hardly buy food for her birds. So she sat on Tall Betsy and wrote from her heart:

The maze of love is better than all straight roads.

Better to live in the street and be jostled than alone in a tower of gold.

No victory over death but a tangle of loving hearts.

Mr. Mack was enthusiastic at first — "Excellent!" he declared; "pure beauty, pure poetry!" — but cookie-eaters of the world were not impressed and sales continued to drop. Writing became for Delia a heavy burden, sometimes made her frantic. Often Rainer would sit with her on Tall Betsy, teasing a bit, petting her, playing with her hair.

Mr. Mack was enraged at his bad luck, scapegoated everybody. Customers no longer complained; they had lost interest in a failing concern, simply placed their orders elsewhere. Delia felt the continuing failure now as her responsibility, wanted desperately to stop, but Mr. Mack had no one else and would not permit it. One day when she went to his office to plead he pulled her on his lap, thrust a hand between her thighs, and when she slapped him said, "I can't meet the payroll, may have to let you go — unless you are nice to me."

Wages were cut a second time and then a third. The union

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charged bad faith, claimed that Mr. Mack's personal fortune was still in the hundreds of millions, pointed out that stock dividends had not been cut. A strike was announced, but was called off when a spy reported that Mr. Mack wanted the strike as pretext for a shutdown. The union filed suit for breach of contract; Mr. Mack retaliated with another wage cut; the union filed for an injunction.

Rainer was aloof from it all, busy in pleasure; days would pass without his coming in. He drew an undiminished salary; Mr. Mack was afraid to fire him. One afternoon, having been away for a week, he climbed the dais with a huge bouquet of yellow chrysanthemums. Delia smiled as he kissed her, forced herself to look at the flowers, but her face was drawn and distant; her eyes avoided his. He looked at the tape:

He who seeks certainty in ideas is lost finally in experience.

Anger makes barriers, stops the flow of life.

A fool may find love, but only the wise and brave can hold it.

He tried to cheer her, told her of travels and encounters, and when still he could not reach her went away and returned with a hummingbird, yellow and blue, in a silver cage. Delia looked at the bird for a long time, then opened the cage, held the gram of life in her hand. Abruptly she set it free and turned back to her work, not even looking to see where it had flown. Rainer put his hands on her shoulders, stroked her neck and hair. *Oh sweetheart*, she wrote, *why couldn't we have found each other a long time ago? Before it was too late?* She began to cry; he turned her to him. "I can't go on," she sobbed, suddenly flung herself in his arms, burrowing her wet face in his shoulder. "Such a beautiful bird!" she cried, "but it would die with me. I can't make them happy, they don't sing any more. They sit in their cages and look at me and are sad. I can't stand the way I live. Mr. Mack offers money if I spy on the union; the union wants me to sleep with Mr. Mack, get something on him. Oh I hate them all and I can't write fortunes and I loathe this job!"

Rainer held her until she was calm, looked keenly in her face, then took her seat at the keyboard, pulled up his sleeves, put the sign of the Fox in the machine. "Now cheer up," he said, and wrote:

Humor is a luxury to happiness, a necessity to despair.

He that is without sadness among you, let him first cast a stone.

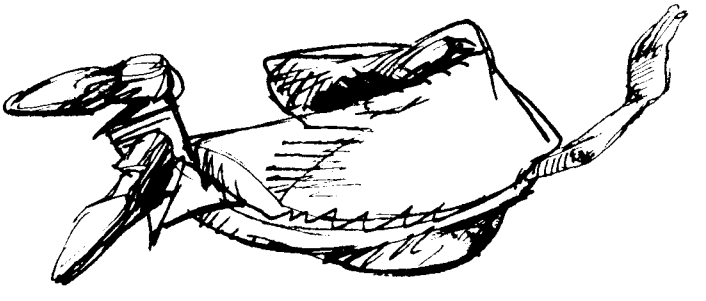
Security is reciprocal to change.

Animals should work: the duty of man is pleasure: sacrifice is for saints.

Tall Betsy seemed to recognize the touch; the clickety-clacking grew faster, smoother, took on a syncopated rhythm and a kind of purring. A few curious workers gathered to watch; Mr. Mack appeared with his bodyguard, picked up the tape. "Excellent!" he roared; "excellent! That'll cut the taste of soy sauce. Now back to work you peasants. Speed up the line. We got a writer."

With the first new shipment orders began pouring in. The Fox was remembered; arguments sprang up about him, columnists quoted him, again there was the clamor for interviews. As sales increased, Mr. Mack raised the price and hired more workers; once again rival companies were forced into receivership or the production of bubble-gum and comic books. Feature stories about the Fox appeared in magazines; he was known as the "Destroyer of Transcendence" and "Founder of the Cult of the Present"; college students wrote term papers about him; a collection of his fortunes was published, under the title *Adventures in Nihilism*, in a paperback series on living philosophers. His were the first fortune cookies ever to be copyrighted, occasioning a debate in Washington as to whether whole cookies or just the messages should be deposited in the Library of Congress. (The Department of Copyrights considered the pastry as a binding and wanted whole cookies; the Section on Pests of the Department of Health, Education and Welfare said this would bring roaches to the stacks, and was a hazard to health.) He became more famous and more wealthy, but remained anonymous. He built a Porsche Spyder and drove in road races, learned Spanish and bought a ranch in Mexico, collected Mayan art and Persian wall hangings. Two or three times a week he came to the factory to write fortunes; when away for any length of time he cabled them to Delia who fed them to Tall Betsy. He played polo in Nassau, sailed a twenty-eight-foot sloop around the Horn alone, bought a topless night-club and personally interviewed each applicant.

ONE AFTERNOON IN JULY when the air was hot and still Delia knelt behind him as he worked, arms around his neck, ruffling his hair, murmuring in his ear. From the high skylight a shaft of golden, mote-loaded sunlight fell on the dais, enveloped them both. Suddenly down through the pillar of light with a delicate beating of wings swooped a hummingbird, yellow and blue, and seized the tape issuing from Tall Betsy. Delia cried out in delight, "Oh look! It's come back. It's our own." The bird tugged in vain at the tape, dropped it and swooped down to the moving production line to take a fortune from one of the cookies, and there was caught by the foot in the folding mechanism, fluttered helplessly. Rainer leaned out to get it, could not, leaned further, slipped, fell across the river of trembling leaves. As he started to rise ten thousand steel fingers reached up, seized his clothes and flesh. He struggled for a minute, then knew it was hopeless. With his left arm, which was all he could move, he freed the bird. Delia screamed unheard, the production line moved on, Rainer looked up with a smile and a wave, and was carried into the oven to his death. The bird fled upward through the golden shaft with Rainer's last fortune: *Don't cry for help, there is no help: but give a signal.*



Allen B. Wheelis, M.D., is a psychiatrist, psychoanalyst and writer living in San Francisco. His book, The Illusionless Man, *to be published by Norton in September, will include this story. Earlier books are* The Quest for Identity, *Norton, 1958; and a novel,* The Seeker, *published in 1960 by Random House.*

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¡HUELGA!

Tal[illegible]he D[illegible]lano Revolution

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"Clear away the dignitaries! Clear away the dignitaries! The platform is reserved for the *originales!*"

The Mexican-accented voice came over the loudspeaker system, booming out its message to 10,000 people gathered around the steps of the State Capitol in Sacramento on Easter Sunday 1966. The *originales* were the 57 men and women who had made the entire three-week pilgrimage from Delano. The rest of the crowd were people like my wife and I who had joined up with the marchers for a day or two or three.

The "dignitaries" were there, too, in large numbers. That morning we had walked into Sacramento from four miles away and the "dignitaries" were scattered throughout the long line with the bobbing red flags.

And at the Capitol steps, it was like a class reunion of liberals, radicals, and ex-radicals. Even old animosities, political and personal, were submerged, if not forgotten, in the genuine joy we all felt at what was happening on the steps. All of us joined in jeering the name of Governor Brown, who had refused to meet with the marchers that day, preferring to spend it with his family at Frank Sinatra's home in Palm Springs.

Then, as we heard the Mexican-accented voice coming through the loudspeakers, saying "Clear away the dignitaries! Make room for the *originales!*" we began to understand the true meaning of the march. For many years, since the '30s, we, the dignitaries, had been the only voice of the farmworkers in California. The bitter, unsuccessful strike against the DiGiorgio farms in the late '40s had been led by Hank Hasiwar, a New Jersey socialist; H. L. Mitchell of the old Southern Tenant Farmers Union; Ernesto Galarza, who had given up his post with the Pan-American Union to work on behalf of the farmworkers, and a handful of devoted union officials.

But none of us were farmworkers and all through the '50s and the first few years of the '60s, we were leaders without followers. The organization to which I belonged, Citizens For Farm Labor, sparked by the indefatigable Ann Draper of the Amalgamated Clothing Workers Union, numbered on its executive committee representatives from many organizations, active in liberal and radical causes. But when we appeared at hearings to protest the use of braceros, we had to import farmworkers to give body to our group. We spoke on behalf of the farmworkers, but all we could do was make a loud noise, based on our status as "dignitaries" in the community.

Then, slowly, we sensed a change taking place. The Mexican-American organizations, usually reluctant to participate in mass or public action, began to show up on the picket lines we mounted around government buildings. And much more important, we began to hear rumblings in the San Joaquin Valley. Cesar Chavez, whom we had known as a CSO organizer, was building an organization of farmworkers — the National Farm Workers Association — which was unlike the ones we had tried to establish in the '40s and unlike the ones the AFL-CIO had financed, so grudgingly, in the late '50s and early '60s.

We heard new names, too, names like Gil Padilla and Dolores Huerta, and we discovered that they had set new goals for themselves in place of the rather narrow ones we had defined in the struggle for them. We discovered, too, that the new organization was operating independently of the AFL-CIO, while maintaining a close relationship with the Filipino farmworkers in the AFL-CIO's Agricultural Workers Organizing Committee (AWOC).

As the NFWA slowly grew, we offered it our help and our public voices. But our advice was not solicited. When we offered it anyway, we were heard out politely, for that is the Mexican-American way, but it was not accepted. We learned quickly that these farmworkers were going to run their organization by themselves, making their own decisions and learning from their own mistakes.

The pilgrimage from Delano grew out of a tough strike against the grape growers of Kern and Tulare counties, begun last September by AWOC but led by Cesar Chavez and the NFWA. They launched a nationwide boycott of Schenley Products, and when Schenley agreed to sign a collective bargaining contract with the NFWA, they followed with a boycott of the products of DiGiorgio, largest grower in the strike zone. Hundreds of groups and individuals all over the country gave their help, but the operation was always run by the NFWA.

It was a new kind of farm strike, a new kind of farm labor movement, which put the *campesinos* in the driver's seat and the "dignitaries" quite firmly in their place. It is the source of new hope that these most exploited of American workers may one day enjoy the fruits of their labor.

—*Paul Jacobs*

Color Photography by Jon Lewis, Black and White Photography by John Kouns

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The Tale of The Raza
by Luis Valdez

THE REVOLT IN DELANO is more than a labor struggle. Mexican grape pickers did not march 300 miles to Sacramento, carrying the standard of the *Virgen de Guadalupe*, merely to dramatize economic grievances. Beyond unionization, beyond politics, there is the desire of a New World race to reconcile the conflicts of its 500-year-old history. *La Raza* is trying to find its place in the sun it once worshipped as a Supreme Being.

La Raza, the race, is the Mexican people. Sentimental and cynical, fierce and docile, faithful and treacherous, individualistic and herd-following, in love with life and obsessed with death, the personality of the *raza* encompasses all the complexity of our history. The conquest of Mexico was no conquest at all. It shattered our ancient Indian universe, but more of it was left above ground than beans and tortillas. Below the foundations of our Spanish culture, we still sense the ruins of an entirely different civilization.

Most of us know we are not European simply by looking in a mirror — the shape of the eyes, the curve of the nose, the color of skin, the texture of hair; these things belong to another time, another people. Together with a million little stubborn mannerisms, beliefs, myths, superstitions, words, thoughts — things not so easily detected — they fill our Spanish life with Indian contradictions. It is not enough to say we suffer an identity crisis, because that crisis has been our way of life for the last five centuries.

That we Mexicans speak of ourselves as a "race" is the biggest contradiction of them all. The *conquistadores*, of course, mated with their Indian women with customary abandon, creating a nation of bewildered half-breeds in countless shapes, colors and sizes. Unlike our fathers and mothers, unlike each other, we *mestizos* solved the problem with poetic license and called ourselves *la raza*. A Mexican's first loyalty — when one of us is threatened by strangers from the outside — is to that race. Either we recognize our total unity on the basis of *raza*, or the ghosts of a 100,000 feuding Indian tribes, bloods and mores will come back to haunt us.

Just 50 years ago the Revolution of 1910 unleashed such a terrible social upheaval that it took 10 years of insane slaughter to calm the ghosts of the past. The Revolution took Mexico from the hands of New World Spaniards (who in turn were selling it to American and British interests) and gave it, for the first time and at the price of a million murders, to the Mexicans.

Any Mexican deeply loves his *mestizo patria*, even those who, like myself, were born in the United States. At best, our cultural schizophrenia has led us to action through the all-encompassing poetry of religion, which is a fancy way of saying blind faith. The Virgin of Guadalupe, the supreme poetic expression of our Mexican desire to be one people, has inspired Mexicans more than once to social revolution. At worst, our two-sidedness has led us to inaction. The last divine Aztec emperor Cuauhtemoc was murdered in the jungles of Guatemala, and his descendants were put to work in the fields. We are still there, in dry, plain, American Delano.

It was the triple magnetism of *raza*, *patria*, and the Virgin of Guadalupe which organized the Mexican-American farm worker in Delano — that and Cesar Chavez. Chavez was not a traditional bombastic Mexican revolutionary; nor was he a *gavacho*, a gringo, a white social worker type. Both types had tried to organize the *raza* in America and failed. Here was Cesar, burning with a patient fire, poor like us, dark like us, talking quietly, moving people to talk about their problems, attacking the little problems first, and suggesting, always suggesting — never more than that — solutions that seemed attainable. We didn't know it until we met him, but he was the leader we had been waiting for.

Although he sometimes reminds one of Benito Juarez, Cesar is our first real *Mexican-American* leader. Used to hybrid forms, the *raza* includes all Mexicans, even hyphenated Mexican-Americans; but divergent histories are slowly making the *raza* in the United States different from the *raza* in Mexico. We who were born here missed out on the chief legacy of the Revolution: the chance to forge a nation true to all the forces that have molded us, to be one people. Now we must seek our own destiny, and Delano is only the beginning of our active search. For the last hundred years our revolutionary progress has not only been frustrated, it has been totally suppressed. This is a society largely hostile to our cultural values. There is no poetry about the United States. No depth, no faith, no allowance for human contrariness. No soul, no mariachi, no chili sauce, no pulque, no mysticism, no *chingaderas*.

Our *campesinos*, the farm-working *raza*, find it difficult to participate in this alien North-American country. The acculturated Mexican-Americans in the cities, ex-*raza*, find it easier. They have solved their Mexican contradictions with a pungent dose of Americanism, and are more concerned with status, money and bad breath than with their ultimate destiny. In a generation or two they will melt into the American pot and be no more. But the farmworking *raza* will not disappear so easily.

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THE PILGRIMAGE TO SACRAMENTO was no mere publicity trick. The *raza* has a tradition of migrations, starting from the legend of the founding of Mexico. Nezahualcoyotl, a great Indian leader, advised his primitive *Chichimecas*, forerunners of the Aztecs, to begin a march to the south. In that march, he prophesied, the children would age and the old would die, but their grandchildren would come to a great lake. In that lake they would find an eagle devouring a serpent, and on that spot, they would begin to build a great nation. The nation was Aztec Mexico, and the eagle and the serpent are the symbols of the *patria*. They are emblazoned on the Mexican flag, which the marchers took to Sacramento with pride.

Then there is the other type of migration. When the migrant farm laborer followed the crops, he was only reacting to the way he saw the American *raza*: no unity, no representation, no roots. The pilgrimage was a truly religious act, a rejection of our past in this country and a symbol of our unity and new direction. It is of no lasting significance that Governor Brown was not at the Capitol to greet us. The unity of thousands of *raza* on the Capitol steps was reason enough for our march. Under the name of HUELGA we had created a Mexican-American *patria*, and Cesar Chavez was our first *Presidente*.

Huelga means strike. With the poetic instinct of the *raza*, the Delano grape strikers have made it mean a dozen other things. It is a declaration, a challenge, a greeting, a feeling, a movement. We cried *Huelga!* to the scabs, *Huelga!* to the labor contractors, to the growers, to Governor Brown. With the Schenley and DiGiorgio boycotts, it was *Huelga!* to the whole country. It is the most significant word in our entire Mexican-American history. If the *raza* of Mexico believes in *La Patria*, we believe in *La Huelga*.

The route of the pilgrimage was planned so that the Huelga could reach all the farmworkers of the San Joaquin Valley. Dependent as we were on each farmworking town for food and shelter, we knew the *raza* would not turn us down. "*Mi casa es suya*," is the precept of Mexican hospitality: "My house is yours."

The Virgin of Guadalupe was the first hint to farmworkers that the pilgrimage implied social revolution. During the Mexican Revolution, the peasant armies of Emiliano Zapata carried her standard, not only because they sought her divine protection, but because she symbolized the Mexico of the poor and humble. It was a simple Mexican Indian, Juan Diego, who first saw her in a vision at Guadalupe. Beautifully dark and Indian in feature, she was the New World version of the Mother of Christ. Even though some of her worshippers in Mexico still identify her with Tonatzin, an Aztec goddess, she is a Catholic saint of Indian creation — a Mexican. The people's response was immediate and reverent. They joined the march by the thousands, falling in line behind her standard. To the Catholic hypocrites against the pilgrimage and strike the Virgin said *Huelga!*

The struggle for better wages and better working conditions in Delano is but the first, realistic articulation of our need for unity. To emerge from the mire of our past in the United States, to leave behind the divisive, deadening influence of poverty, we must have bargaining power. We must have unions. To the farmworkers who joined the pilgrimage, this cultural pride was revolutionary. There were old symbols — Zapata lapel buttons — and new symbols standing for new social protest and revolt; the red thunderbird flags of the NFWA, picket signs, arm bands.

There were also political rallies in the smallest towns of the San Joaquin Valley. Sometimes they were the biggest things that had ever happened in town. Every meeting included a reading of El Plan de Delano, a "plan of liberation" for all farmworkers in the language of the picket line: ". . . our path travels through a valley well known to all Mexican farmworkers. We know all of these towns . . . because along this very same road, in this very same valley, the Mexican race has sacrificed itself for the last 100 years . . . This is the beginning of a social movement in fact and not in pronouncements . . . We shall unite . . . We shall strike . . . Our PILGRIMAGE is the MATCH that will light our cause for all farmworkers to see what is happening here, so that they may do as we have done . . . VIVA LA CAUSE! VIVA LA HUELGA!"

The rallies were like religious revivals. At each new town, they were waiting to greet us and offer us their best — mariachis, embraces, words of encouragement for the strike, prayers, rosaries, sweet cakes, fruit and iced tea. Hundreds walked, ran or drove up to the march and donated what little money they could afford. The countless gestures of sympathy and solidarity was like nothing the *raza* had ever seen.

THE NFWA IS A RADICAL union because it started, and continues to grow, as a community organization. Its store, cafeteria, clinic, garage, newspaper and weekly meeting have established a sense of community the Delano farmworker will not relinquish. After years of isolation in the *barrios* of Great Valley slum towns like Delano, after years of living in labor camps and ranches at the mercy and caprice of growers and contractors, the Mexican-American farmworker is developing his own ideas about living in the United States. He wants to be equal with all the working men of the nation, and he does not mean by the standard middle-class route. We are repelled by the human disin-

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tegration of peoples and cultures as they fall apart in this Great Gringo Melting Pot, and determined that this will not happen to us. But there will always be *raza* in this country. There are millions more where we came from, across the thousand miles of common border between Mexico and the United States. For millions of farmworkers, from the Mexicans and Philippinos of the West to the Afro-Americans of the South, the United States has come to a social, political and cultural impasse. Listen to these people, and you will hear the first murmurings of revolution.

The Nun's Tale
by Sister Mary Prudence

The Virgin of Guadalupe, the Virgin of Guadalupe
She was on our beautiful banner, and the man,
The farm worker from Delano who carried her,
Led the march. We were going to Modesto.
We were going to show the justice of our cause.
A man with a six-foot cross walked behind.

Six miles in two hours, then we stopped
Under the shade of a railway depot
And while we rested we talked.
The people were glad to see us there —
Glad to see the habits of the Church,
I wonder if they know they are the Church?

Young Joey asked if I were tired,
How far we had to go, four miles
I said, and I was tired and Joey said
But we'll walk all those four miles
However tired, for if we sacrifice we win.
This is what the march put into Joey's head.

Then we came to Manteca, and in Manteca,
I learned why the *jefes* spoke so seriously.
I learned what it means to be a minority —
Someone had threatened our lives, and,
The policemen thought we should stay,
Stay in Manteca park and not march.

Cesar Chavez, at night, when we were all together
Asked us to tell why we came to march.
This was our poverty — How could I tell? we had
Only ourselves, only our support to give.
We "Anglos" received much, gave little.
How could I tell them that?

Because we wore the habits of the Church
A farmer offered what he could. No,
We are part of the farm workers, we said,
What you give to us, goes to them.
He knew what the workers needed,
But he was afraid, and we were sorry for him.

"The growers are Catholics," said another,
He would not pray, "They can pray for themselves,
They sure don't pray for us."
Cesar Chavez, on Sunday, led a palm procession;
We sang songs in Spanish. Celebrated the Mass.
This is how it was meant to be.

But they are bitter on both sides,
And as we left Manteca, one other man, not with us,
Began to heckle, "Sister, you are ruining
The image of the Church." The image?
And what about the Gospel of the Church? I thought.
And what about the duties of the Church, to God's people?

Fresh air and sun and cool water
This is my memory, and burning feet,
Smiles, and the suffering but always
A determination and a hope; this is the beauty
Of it I thought, the beauty in our being here.
Together, we manifest the brotherhood of man.

Sister Mary Prudence
teaches at Guadalupe College in Los Gatos, California

The Organizer's Tale
by Cesar Chavez

IT REALLY STARTED for me 16 years ago in San Jose, California, when I was working on an apricot farm. We figured he was just another social worker doing a study of farm conditions, and I kept refusing to meet with him. But he was persistent. Finally, I got together some of the rough element in San Jose. We were going to have a little reception for him to teach the *gringo* a little bit of how we felt. There were about 30 of us in the house, young guys mostly. I was supposed to give them a signal — change my cigarette from my right hand to my left, and then we were going to give him a lot of hell. But he started talking and the more he talked, the more wide-eyed I became and the less inclined I was to give the signal. A couple of guys who were pretty drunk at the time still wanted to give the *gringo* the business, but we got rid of them. This fellow was making a lot of sense, and I wanted to hear what he had to say.

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His name was Fred Ross, and he was an organizer for the Community Service Organization (CSO) which was working with Mexican-Americans in the cities. I became immediately really involved. Before long I was heading a voter registration drive. All the time I was observing the things Fred did, secretly, because I wanted to learn how to organize, to see how it was done. I was impressed with his patience and understanding of people. I thought this was a tool, one of the greatest things he had.

It was pretty rough for me at first. I was changing and had to take a lot of ridicule from the kids my age, the rough characters I worked with in the fields. They would say, "Hey, big shot. Now that you're a *politico*, why are you working here for 65 cents an hour?" I might add that our neighborhood had the highest percentage of San Quentin graduates. It was a game among the *pachucos* in the sense that we defended ourselves from outsiders, although inside the neighborhood there was not a lot of fighting.

After six months of working every night in San Jose, Fred assigned me to take over the CSO chapter in Decoto. It was a tough spot to fill. I would suggest something, and people would say, "No, let's wait till Fred gets back," or "Fred wouldn't do it that way." This is pretty much a pattern with people, I discovered, whether I was put in Fred's position, or later, when someone else was put in my position. After the Decoto assignment I was sent to start a new chapter in Oakland. Before I left, Fred came to a place in San Jose called the Hole-in-the-Wall and we talked for half an hour over coffee. He was in a rush to leave, but I wanted to keep him talking; I was that scared of my assignment.

There were hard times in Oakland. First of all, it was a big city and I'd get lost every time I went anywhere. Then I arranged a series of house meetings. I would get to the meeting early and drive back and forth past the house, too nervous to go in and face the people. Finally I would force myself to go inside and sit in a corner. I was quite thin then, and young, and most of the people were middle-aged. Someone would say, "Where's the organizer?" And I would pipe up, "Here I am." Then they would say in Spanish — these were very poor people and we hardly spoke anything but Spanish — "Ha! This *kid*?" Most of them said they were interested, but the hardest part was to get them to start pushing themselves, on their own initiative.

The idea was to set up a meeting and then get each attending person to call his own house meeting, inviting new people — a sort of chain letter effect. After a house meeting I would lie awake going over the whole thing, playing the tape back, trying to see why people laughed at one point, or why they were for one thing and against another. I was also learning to read and write, those late evenings. I had left school in the 7th grade after attending 67 different schools, and my reading wasn't the best.

At our first organizing meeting we had 368 people: I'll never forget it because it was very important to me. You eat your heart out; the meeting is called for 7 o'clock and you start to worry about 4. You wait. Will they show up? Then the first one arrives. By 7 there are only 20 people, you have everything in order, you have to look calm. But little by little they filter in and at a certain point you know it will be a success.

After four months in Oakland, I was transferred. The chapter was beginning to move on its own, so Fred assigned me to organize the San Joaquin Valley. Over the months I developed what I used to call schemes or tricks — now I call them techniques — of making initial contacts. The main thing in convincing someone is to spend time with him. It doesn't matter if he can read, write or even speak well. What is important is that he is a man and second, that he has shown some initial interest. One good way to develop leadership is to take a man with you in your car. And it works a lot better if you're doing the driving; that way you are in charge. You drive, he sits there, and you talk. These little things were very important to me; I was caught in a big game by then, figuring out what makes people work. I found that if you work hard enough you can usually shake people into working too, those who are concerned. You work harder and they work harder still, up to a point and then they pass you. Then, of course, they're on their own.

I also learned to keep away from the established groups and so-called leaders, and to guard against philosophizing. Working with low-income people is very different from working with the professionals, who like to sit around talking about how to play politics. When you're trying to recruit a farmworker, you have to paint a little picture, and then you have to color the picture in. We found out that the harder a guy is to convince, the better leader or member he becomes. When you exert yourself to convince him, you have his confidence and he has good motivation. A lot of people who say OK right away wind up hanging around the office, taking up the workers' time.

DURING THE MCCARTHY ERA in one Valley town, I was subjected to a lot of redbaiting. We had been recruiting people for citizenship classes at the high school when we got into a quarrel with the naturalization examiner. He was rejecting people on the grounds that they were just parroting what they learned in citizenship class. One day we had a meeting about it in Fresno, and I took along some of the leaders of our local chapter. Some redbaiting official gave us a

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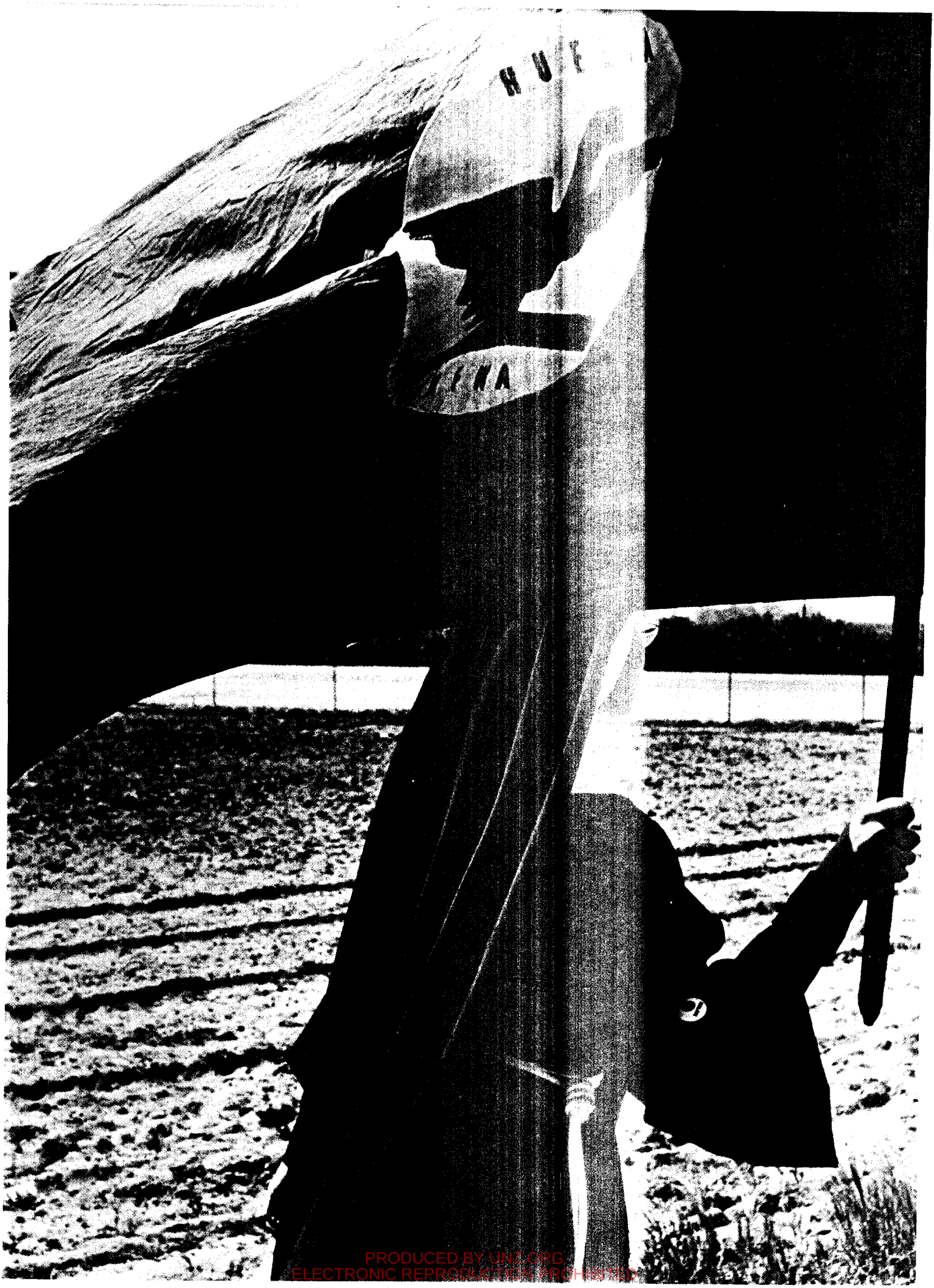

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hard time, and the people got scared and took his side. They did it because it seemed easy at the moment, even though they knew that sticking with me was the right thing to do. It was disgusting. When we left the building they walked by themselves ahead of me as if I had some kind of communicable disease. I had been working with these people for three months and I was very sad to see that. It taught me a great lesson.

That night I learned that the chapter officers were holding a meeting to review my letters and printed materials to see if I really was a Communist. So I drove out there and walked right in on their meeting. I said, "I hear you've been discussing me, and I thought it would be nice if I was here to defend myself. Not that it matters that much to you or even to me, because as far as I'm concerned you are a bunch of cowards." At that they began to apologize. "Let's forget it," they said. "You're a nice guy." But I didn't want apologies. I wanted a full discussion. I told them I didn't give a damn, but that they had to learn to distinguish fact from what appeared to be a fact because of fear. I kept them there till two in the morning. Some of the women cried. I don't know if they investigated me any further, but I stayed on another few months and things worked out.

This was not an isolated case. Often when we'd leave people to themselves they would get frightened and draw back into their shells where they had been all the years. And I learned quickly that there is no real appreciation. Whatever you do, and no matter what reasons you may give to others, you do it because you want to see it done, or maybe because you want power. And there shouldn't be any appreciation, understandably. I know good organizers who were destroyed, washed out, because they expected people to appreciate what they'd done. Anyone who comes in with the idea that farmworkers are free of sin and that the growers are all bastards, either has never dealt with the situation or is an idealist of the first order. Things don't work that way.

For more than 10 years I worked for the CSO. As the organization grew, we found ourselves meeting in fancier and fancier motels and holding expensive conventions. Doctors, lawyers and politicians began joining. They would get elected to some office in the organization and then, for all practical purposes, leave. Intent on using the CSO for their own prestige purposes, these "leaders," many of them, lacked the urgency we had to have. When I became general director I began to press for a program to organize farmworkers into a union, an idea most of the leadership opposed. So I started a revolt within the CSO. I refused to sit at the head table at meetings, refused to wear a suit and tie, and finally I even refused to shave and cut my hair. It used to embarrass some of the professionals. At every meeting I got up and gave my standard speech: we shouldn't meet in fancy motels, we were getting away from the people, farmworkers had to be organized. But nothing happened. In March of '62 I resigned and came to Delano to begin organizing the Valley on my own.

By hand I drew a map of all the towns between Arvin and Stockton — 86 of them, including farming camps — and decided to hit them all to get a small nucleus of people working in each. For six months I traveled around, planting an idea. We had a simple questionnaire, a little card with space for name, address and how much the worker thought he ought to be paid. My wife, Helen, mimeographed them, and we took our kids for two or three day jaunts to these towns, distributing the cards door-to-door and to camps and groceries.

Some 80,000 cards were sent back from eight Valley counties. I got a lot of contacts that way, but I was shocked at the wages the people were asking. The growers were paying $1 and $1.15, and maybe 95 per cent of the people thought they should be getting only $1.25. Sometimes people scribbled messages on the cards: "I hope to God we win" or "Do you think we can win?" or "I'd like to know more." So I separated the cards with the pencilled notes, got in my car and went to those people.

We didn't have any money at all in those days, none for gas and hardly any for food. So I went to people and started asking for food. It turned out to be about the best thing I could have done, although at first it's hard on your pride. Some of our best members came in that way. If people give you their food, they'll give you their hearts. Several months and many meetings later we had a working organization, and this time the leaders were the people.

None of the farmworkers had collective bargaining contracts, and I thought it would take ten years before we got that first contract. I wanted desperately to get some color into the movement, to give people something they could identify with, like a flag. I was reading some books about how various leaders discovered what colors contrasted and stood out the best. The Egyptians had found that a red field with a white circle and a black emblem in the center crashed into your eyes like nothing else. I wanted to use the Aztec eagle in the center, as on the Mexican flag. So I told my cousin Manuel, "Draw an Aztec eagle." Manuel had a little trouble with it, so we modified the eagle to make it easier for people to draw.

The first big meeting of what we decided to call the National Farm Workers Association was held in September 1962, at Fresno, with 287 people. We had our huge red flag on the wall, with paper tacked over it. When the time came, Manuel pulled a cord ripping the paper off the flag and all of a sudden it hit the people. Some of them wondered if it was a Communist flag, and I said it prob-

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ably looked more like a neo-Nazi emblem than anything else. But they wanted an explanation, so Manuel got up and said, "When that damn eagle flies — that's when the farmworkers' problems are going to be solved."

One of the first things I decided was that outside money wasn't going to organize people, at least not in the beginning. I even turned down a grant from a private group — $50,000 to go directly to organize farmworkers — for just this reason. Even when there are no strings attached, you are still compromised because you feel you have to produce immediate results. This is bad, because it takes a long time to build a movement, and your organization suffers if you get too far ahead of the people it belongs to. We set the dues at $42 a year per family, really a meaningful dues, but of the 212 we got to pay, only 12 remained by June of '63. We were discouraged at that, but not enough to make us quit.

Money was always a problem. Once we were facing a $180 gas bill on a credit card I'd got a long time ago and was about to lose. And we *had* to keep that credit card. One day my wife and I were picking cotton, pulling bolls, to make a little money to live on. Helen said to me, "Do you put all this in the bag, or just the cotton?" I thought she was kidding and told her to throw the whole boll in so that she had nothing but a sack of bolls at the weighing. The man said, "Whose sack is this?" I said, well, my wife's, and he told us we were fired. "Look at all that crap you brought in," he said. Helen and I started laughing. We were going anyway. We took the $4 we had earned and spent it at a grocery store where they were giving away a $100 prize. Each time you shopped they'd give you one of the letters of M-O-N-E-Y or a flag: you had to have M-O-N-E-Y plus the flag to win. Helen had already collected the letters and just needed the flag. Anyway, they gave her the ticket. She screamed, "A flag? I don't believe it," ran in and got the $100. She said, "Now we're going to eat steak." But I said no, we're going to pay the gas bill. I don't know if she cried, but I think she did.

It was rough in those early years. Helen was having babies and I was not there when she was at the hospital. But if you haven't got your wife behind you, you can't do many things. There's got to be peace at home. So I did, I think, a fairly good job of organizing her. When we were kids, she lived in Delano and I came to town as a migrant. Once on a date we had a bad experience about segregation at a movie theater, and I put up a fight. We were together then, and still are. I think I'm more of a pacifist than she is. Her father, Fabela, was a colonel with Pancho Villa in the Mexican Revolution. Sometimes she gets angry and tells me, "These scabs — you should deal with them sternly," and I kid her, "It must be too much of that Fabela blood in you."

THE MOVEMENT really caught on in '64. By August we had a thousand members. We'd had a beautiful 90-day drive in Corcoran, where they had the Battle of the Corcoran Farm Camp 30 years ago, and by November we had assets of $25,000 in our credit union, which helped to stabilize the membership. I had gone without pay the whole of 1963. The next year the members voted me a $40 a week salary, after Helen had to quit working in the fields to manage the credit union.

Our first strike was in May of '65, a small one but it prepared us for the big one. A farmworker from McFarland named Epifanio Camacho came to see me. He said he was sick and tired of how people working the roses were being treated, and he was willing to "go the limit." I assigned Manuel and Gilbert Padilla to hold meetings at Camacho's house. The people wanted union recognition, but the real issue, as in most cases when you begin, was wages. They were promised $9 a thousand, but they were actually getting $6.50 and $7 for grafting roses. Most of them signed cards giving us the right to bargain for them. We chose the biggest company, with about 85 employees, not counting the irrigators and supervisors, and we held a series of meetings to prepare the strike and call the vote. There would be no picket line; everyone pledged on their honor not to break the strike.

Early on the first morning of the strike, we sent out 10 cars to check the people's homes. We found lights in five or six homes and knocked on the doors. The men were getting up and we'd say, "Where are you going?" They would dodge, "Oh, uh . . . I was just getting up, you know." We'd say, "Well, you're not going to work, are you?" And they'd say no. Dolores Huerta, who was driving the green panel truck, saw a light in one house where four rose-workers lived. They told her they were going to work, even after she reminded them of their pledge. So she moved the truck so it blocked their driveway, turned off the key, put it in her purse and sat there alone.

That morning the company foreman was madder than hell and refused to talk to us. None of the grafters had shown up for work. At 10:30 we started to go to the company office, but it occurred to us that maybe a woman would have a better chance. So Dolores knocked on the office door, saying, "I'm Dolores Huerta from the National Farm Workers Association." "Get out!" the man said, "you Communist. Get out!" I guess they were expecting us, because as Dolores stood arguing with him the cops came and told her to leave. She left.

For two days the fields were idle. On Wednesday they recruited a group of Filipinos from out of town who knew nothing of the strike, maybe 35 of them. They drove through escorted by three sheriff's patrol cars, one in front, one in the middle and one at the rear with a dog. We

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didn't have a picket line, but we parked across the street and just watched them go through, not saying a word. All but seven stopped working after half an hour, and the rest had quit by mid-afternoon.

The company made an offer the evening of the fourth day, a package deal that amounted to a 120 per cent wage increase, but no contract. We wanted to hold out for a contract and more benefits, but a majority of the rose-workers wanted to accept the offer and go back. We are a democratic union so we had to support what they wanted to do. They had a meeting and voted to settle. Then we had a problem with a few militants who wanted to hold out. We had to convince them to go back to work, as a united front, because otherwise they would be canned. So we worked — Tony Orendain and I, Dolores and Gilbert, Jim Drake and all the organizers — knocking on doors till two in the morning, telling people, "You have to go back or you'll lose your job." And they did. They worked.

Our second strike, and our last before the big one at Delano, was in the grapes at Martin's Ranch last summer. The people were getting a raw deal there, being pushed around pretty badly. Gilbert went out to the field, climbed on top of a car and took a strike vote. They voted unanimously to go out. Right away they started bringing in strikebreakers, so we launched a tough attack on the labor contractors, distributed leaflets portraying them as really low characters. We attacked one — Luis Campos — so badly that he just gave up the job, and he took 27 of his men out with him. All he asked was that we distribute another leaflet reinstating him in the community. And we did. What was unusual was that the grower would talk to us. The grower kept saying, "I can't pay. I just haven't got the money." I guess he must have found the money somewhere, because we were asking $1.40 and we got it.

We had just finished the Martin strike when the Agricultural Workers Organizing Committee (AFL-CIO) started a strike against the grape growers, DiGiorgio, Schenley liquors and small growers, asking $1.40 an hour and 25 cents a box. There was a lot of pressure from our members for us to join the strike, but we had some misgivings. We didn't feel ready for a big strike like this one, one that was sure to last a long time. Having no money — just $87 in the strike fund — meant we'd have to depend on God knows who.

Eight days after the strike started — it takes time to get 1,200 people together from all over the Valley — we held a meeting in Delano and voted to go out. I asked the membership to release us from the pledge not to accept outside money, because we'd need it now, a lot of it. The help came. It started because of the close, and I would say even beautiful relationship that we've had with the Migrant Ministry for some years. They were the first to come to our rescue, financially and in every other way, and they spread the word to other benefactors.

WE HAD PLANNED, before, to start a labor school in November. It never happened, but we have the best labor school we could ever have, in the strike. The strike is only a temporary condition, however. We have over 3,000 members spread out over a wide area, and we have to service them when they have problems. We get letters from New Mexico, Colorado, Texas, California, from farmworkers saying, "We're getting together and we need an organizer." It kills you when you haven't got the personnel and resources. You feel badly about not sending an organizer because you look back and remember all the difficulty you had in getting two or three people together, and here *they're* together. Of course, we're training organizers, many of them younger than I was when I started in CSO. They can work 20 hours a day, sleep four and be ready to hit it again; when you get to be 39 it's a different story.

The people who took part in the strike and the march have something more than their material interest going for them. If it were only material, they wouldn't have stayed on the strike long enough to win. It is difficult to explain. But it flows out in the ordinary things they say. For instance, some of the younger guys are saying, "Where do you think's going to be the next strike?" I say, "Well, we have to win in Delano." They say, "We'll win, but where do we go next?" I say, "Maybe most of us will be working in the fields." They say, "No, I don't want to go and work in the fields. I want to organize. There are a lot of people that need our help." So I say, "You're going to be pretty poor then, because when you strike you don't have much money." They say they don't care about that.

And others are saying, "I have friends who are working in Texas. If we could only help them." It is bigger, certainly, than just a strike. And if this spirit grows within the farm labor movement, one day we can use the force that we have to help correct a lot of things that are wrong in this society. But that is for the future. Before you can run, you have to learn to walk.

There are vivid memories from my childhood — what we had to go through because of low wages and the conditions, basically because there was no union. I suppose if I wanted to be fair I could say that I'm trying to settle a personal score. I could dramatize it by saying that I want to bring social justice to farmworkers. But the truth is that I went through a lot of hell, and a lot of people did. If we can even the score a little for the workers then we are doing something. Besides, I don't know any other work I like to do better than this. I really don't, you know.

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Recent developments in the Southern civil rights movement may have been upsetting and confusing to many who follow the movement from a distance. There has been a marked decrease in the visible and news-making forms of protest: sit-ins, protest marches and picket lines. Then, just as the movement seemed to be gaining vic-

A government of the black, by the black, and for the black.

by Christopher Jencks and Mi[illegible]

Illustration by Ken Harshfield

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tories in the form of national legislation like the 1965 Voting Rights bill, there appeared increasing signs of political disunity. In Alabama the Student Non-violent Coordinating Committee organized an all black political party—the Black Panther party—and ran into criticism from the more moderate Southern Christian Leadership Conference. Last May at its convention, SNCC reshuffled its leadership and moved in the direction of more militancy and greater emphasis on a black orientation within the Committee.

These events signify more than a mere faction struggle in the civil rights movement. They are symptoms of an underlying conflict over political strategy.

TO UNDERSTAND THE NATURE of this conflict, it is useful to look at the state which now has the nation's highest proportion of disenfranchised Negroes: Mississippi. More Negroes than whites are born each year in Mississippi. But for obvious reasons, once Negroes are old enough to leave the state, they are far more likely than whites to do so. As a result, Negroes constituted only 36 per cent of the adult Mississippi population in 1960, and this proportion is expected to fall to about 32 per cent by 1970. Even these statistics exaggerate the potential influence of Mississippi Negroes at the polls. All voting studies, North and South, show that individuals with low incomes and poor education are less likely than others to exercise their right to vote, even when there are no formal obstacles to their doing so. This is true despite the fact that the poor and the ignorant have more reason to seek political remedies for their troubles than do the middle classes. Since Negroes are, on the average, both poorer and less educated than whites, the number of non-voting Negroes will almost certainly be higher than the number of non-voting whites, even in the unlikely event that intimidation and obstruction stop. Not even vigorous federal action is likely to raise the proportion of Negroes in the Mississippi elections much above 25 per cent. The prospects of Negro voting are no better in other Southern states, often worse. There are only a handful of Black Belt counties in which Negroes can hope to be a majority of the electorate.

Thus, only paranoid white supremacists and megalomaniac black nationalists can believe in a Negro "takeover" of political power. Realists must begin to calculate the impact of a black minority on what will remain predominantly white politics. For the civil rights movement this poses a real problem. So long as Negroes had no power, they could unite in seeking it. Now that they are acquiring some, but remain far short of majority power, they will have to face the divisive question of how best to use their limited resources. Plainly they must seek white allies if they want to get any benefits from their franchise. But how? And who? On these questions, Negro leaders are already divided.

A wide-ranging debate in both the North and the South is taking place about the question of "coalition." The question is whether Negroes should create their own independent political, economic and social organizations, moving into coalition with white groups only on specific issues and for limited periods of time, or whether they should integrate themselves into predominantly white organizations such as labor unions, farm groups, reform clubs, and the Democratic party, with whom they may feel some identity of interest.

The Negroes' long-term aim may be to make America color-blind and to compete as individuals within an integrated society, but until they can compete more successfully than they now do, and win more acceptance than they now have, they will also need color-conscious organizations to bargain for them, to protect their collective interests, and to try to affect the terms on which individual competition takes place. For Negroes merely to join white organizations — e.g. labor unions — will mean that they must pay the price of being powerless newcomers, and in many cases expendable — the last hired and the first fired. Negroes, especially Southern Negroes, suffer the double handicap of being black and being out, and they must have independent organizations if they are ever to force their way in and secure their place. At the same time, Negroes can and should also seek membership in integrated groups which can serve their individual interests. Collec-

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tively, they should also ally their own organizations with such groups, while retaining their organizations' freedom of maneuver and power to pull out if their collective interests are not respected.

REGARDLESS OF HOW SOUTHERN NEGROES go about creating a coalition, there is a question of who they should trust as potential allies. Should they cultivate their short-term interests, which seems to suggest alliance with the "responsible" white middle classes and business interests against the rednecks and the redneck mentality, or should they work for a more remote goal, the creation of what the New Left has tagged "an interracial movement of the poor"? Just as in the post-Reconstruction South, the "responsible" white leaders of industry, commerce and agriculture can be expected to seek the support of Negro voters as soon as they register in appreciable numbers. Once more they will promise protection against violent racism and starvation, while doing nothing to resolve the Negroes' basic economic and social problems. Such a coalition, dominated by the "moderate" leaders of the entrenched vested interests, would in all probability be accompanied in due course by the development of networks of patronage, bossism and corruption among poor Southern Negroes comparable to those found in Northern ghettoes, both black and white.

This is essentially what happened last time substantial numbers of Negroes voted in the Deep South during the 1870's and 1880's. At that time the proportion of Negroes in most parts of the South was higher than it is today, and the proportion of Negro voters was higher than it is likely to be in the 20th century. Nevertheless, Negroes were not able to exercise effective political power. Confronted with a choice between "responsible" whites who supported the economic status quo and "extremist" whites who wanted radical economic change, most Negro leaders supported the "responsible" elements and persuaded their followers to do likewise. They did this for the good and sufficient reason that the poor whites were for the most part "extremists" on the race issue as well as the economic issue. With the help of Negro voters who saw them as their only protection against starvation and violence, the white bourbons stayed in power most of the time. As a result, by the 1890's most economic radicals came to see the Negro vote as a major obstacle to reform, and many supported disenfranchisement.

The alternative today would be for poor Southern Negroes to reject the leadership of the middle classes, black or white, and the tokenism which usually accompanies it. Instead, they would try to recreate the old Populist dream of a coalition between poor Negroes and poor whites. This dream has haunted Southern politics for a long time. For those who want a radical redistribution of wealth and power, it seems the only hope. Yet it plainly cannot be created overnight, even if Negroes increase to 20 or 25 per cent of the electorate. If the Negroes want to build toward such a coalition, they will have to be willing to defer the token benefits which come from backing the winner in state and local politics. Their willingness to remain for a time in the political wilderness will in turn depend on their ability to create independent organizations capable of supplying some of their vital social and economic needs.

Can this be done? It can if enough people want it done, including not only Southern Negroes but Northern whites. What the Southern Negro needs is an organization which can provide him with short-term benefits comparable to those offered by Negro moderates who work with the white establishment, while at the same time working towards a more radical long-term solution. Such an organization would be a para-government, providing the same kinds of services that a government normally provides to those with the political power to win elections.

In the Deep South, Negroes have traditionally been too poor, too ignorant, too leaderless and too terrified to make anything but the most tentative efforts at para-government. Their churches have of necessity been extremely other-worldly in their orientation, and their non-religious organizations have been almost nonexistent. Recently, however, there have been signs of change. Excluded from participation in the white government, Negroes have begun to create parallel structures of their own. In Mississippi, the young radicals of the Student Non-violent Coordinating Committee have begun to develop their own governing institutions. Not only that, but unlike community action agencies in the North, SNCC efforts have moved quickly towards democratic control.

THE FIRST TENTATIVE EFFORTS at politics were made in 1963. These began with "freedom registration" and the "mock election" in which Aaron Henry ran for governor. This was followed by the creation of the Mississippi Freedom Democratic party, which claimed to be the "legitimate" Mississippi arm of the national Democratic party. Then came the challenge of the credentials of the white delegation at the 1964 Democratic National Convention, and in 1965 the challenge of the Mississippi Congressional delegation. The summer of 1964 also saw the creation of freedom schools to supplement the regular public schools and compete with them ideologically (though not academically or logistically). This was followed in 1965 by the establishment of the Child Development Group of Mississippi to

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run Operation Headstart programs. While CDGM was funded and controlled by the Poverty Program in Washington, it turned over many local pre-school programs to the "movement." The "official" Headstart program, run by the white school boards, got less money and fewer pupils, despite efforts at intimidation. The past year has also seen the establishment of several community centers to provide health and recreation opportunities which white-controlled state and local governments fail to provide. In all of these efforts there is an effort to make the beneficiaries of a program active participants in both policy-making and administration.

These precedents suggest that the "radical" faction in the civil rights movement has an alternative to making a deal with the presently entrenched white establishment as well as to prematurely committing themselves to white liberal interest organizations, like the unions. This is not to say that para-government should or would preclude poor Negroes joining unions, or middle-class Negroes talking to their white counterparts. Through private government organizations, paralleling the white state and local structures, Negroes can hope to get financial support from outside, including the Federal government. At the same time, they can use these para-governments to force the established white government to accommodate Negroes politically.

This course is vastly different from the "moderate" approach presently developing in the Deep South, which is for particular Negro leaders to make deals with an unchanging white elite, paying other Negroes off not with equality but with more patronage and in some cases with limited power over specifically "Negro" areas of concern. These deals can be reversed at any moment the establishment pleases.

THE SNCC APPROACH would try to force constitutional reorganization aimed at political equality rather than dependence status. This would require the fortification of para-governmental organizations and practices with resource from outside. If white-controlled schools will not provide Negroes with adequate education, the SNCC approach suggests that local Negroes should establish "private" schools, either to supplement the public schools or compete with them. If white-controlled health and welfare programs will not help Negroes, they must set up their own programs, controlled by themselves. If state and federal agencies controlled by Southern whites will not provide loans and technical advice to Negro farmers and small businessmen, then local Negroes must create their own agencies to do so. If white Southern Congressional delegations will not fight for the interests of Southern Negroes in Congress, then rival Negro delegations must be sent to Washington — and kept there — to look after and publicize the needs of Southern Negroes, and to pressure the Federal government in their behalf. Some of these things are already being done, particularly in Mississippi. The need, however, is for a massive, systematic effort in every state and community where the established, white-controlled governmental agencies will not do what needs to be done.

In arguing for Negro para-governmental institutions, we are arguing for a radical strategy of institutional change toward equality, participation and welfare — in the social democratic tradition. Racism has corrupted Southern government to a point where it cannot possibly incorporate people into equality; it has lost its viability and expansive potential, and is no longer legitimate or creative. Political equality in the South requires a new beginning, a reconstruction and renewal of American political institutions which amounts to reconstitution. Negroes must take the lead in such a renewal.

We believe that America must start afresh, renewing all of its institutions, in order to bring people together in political equality, and rediscover a form of government which can represent and serve everyone. This necessitates building from the bottom up. It means organizing outside the established political institutions for the moment, until a new political force based on local corporate unity and community participation can be established to negotiate with those political institutions. It means moving toward a new governing form, expansive enough to contain more equals and local enough to enable all equals to participate. To do this, it must begin in a "private" context, free to experiment. Only later should these para-governmental forms project themselves into the constitution of state and local governments.

The essential elements of the "coalition" which Southern Negroes must eventually seek are two. First, an independent organizational base which will enable them to bargain with their potential political allies from a position of strength. Second, a new vision of what their coalition should work toward, a vision which goes beyond the welfare state and equality of opportunity, looking towards a political and social reconstruction in which everyone can "make it" simply because he is human. Para-governmental institutions can be the political base for the first of these activities and the experimental context for seeking the second. Without them, the best we can hope is that another generation of struggle will bring the Deep South to the dubious utopia of Maryland or Kentucky.

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Ephemera

Theatre:

EL TEATRO CAMPESINO

by Luis Miguel Valdez

EL TEATRO CAMPESINO is somewhere between Brecht and Cantinflas. It is a farm workers' theater, a bi-lingual propaganda theater, but it borrows from Mexican folk humor to such an extent that its "propaganda" is salted with a wariness for human caprice. Linked by a cultural umbilical cord to the National Farm Workers Association, the Teatro lives in Delano as a part of a social movement. We perform for the grape strikers at our weekly meetings, seek to clarify strike aims, and go on tour throughout the state publicizing and raising funds for the Huelga.

Our most important aim is to reach the farm workers. All the actors are farm workers, and our single topic is the Huelga. We must create our own material, but this is hardly a limitation. Neither is our concentration on the strike. The hardest thing at first was finding limits, some kind of dramatic form, within which to work. Working together, we developed what we call "*actos*"—10 to 15 minute skits, sometimes with and sometimes without songs. We insist on calling them *actos* rather than *skits*, not only because we talk in Spanish most of the time, but because *skit* seems too light a word for the work we are trying to do.

Starting from scratch with a real life incident, character, or idea, everybody in the Teatro contributes to the development of an acto. Each is intended to make at least one specific point about the strike, but improvisations during each performance sharpen, alter or embellish the original idea. We use no scenery, no scripts, and no curtain. We use costumes and props only casually—an old pair of pants, a wine bottle, a pair of dark glasses, a mask, but mostly we like to show we are still strikers underneath, arm bands and all. This effect is very important to our aims. To simplify things, we hang signs around our necks, sometimes in black and white, sometimes in lively colors, indicating the characters portrayed.

Practicing our own brand of Commedia dell' arte, we improvise within the framework of traditional characters associated with the strike. Instead of Arlecchinos, Pantalones, and Brighellas, we have *Esquiroles* (scabs), *Contratistas* (contractors), *Patroncitos* (growers), and *Huelguistas* (strikers). We have experimented with these four types in dozens of combinations. Being free to act as they will, to infuse a character type with real thought and feeling, the farm workers of the Teatro have expressed the human complexity of the grape strike. This is where Brecht comes in. As propaganda, the Teatro is loyal to an *a priori* social end: i.e., the winning of the strike. We not only presume Our Cause is just; we know it.

Every member of the Teatro, however, *knows* it differently. We vary in age from 18 to 44, with drastically different degrees of education, but we are all drawn into the Teatro by a common enthusiasm to express what we *individually* know and feel. The freedom to do so lifts our propaganda into Brecht-like theater: Our Just Cause is many-faceted, like human nature.

The Teatro appeals to its actors for the same reason it appeals to its audience. It explores the meaning of a social movement without asking its participants to read or write. It is a learning experience with no formal prerequisites. This is all-important because most farm workers have never had a chance to go to school and are alienated by classrooms, blackboards and the formal teacher-student approach.

By contrast, our Cantinflas-inspired burlesque is familiar to the farm workers. It is in the family; it is *raza*; it is part of the Mexican people. They know that the Teatro discusses the Huelga, but the actors are fellow farm workers and strikers, not teachers. If the Teatro has a point to make, it is just a step ahead of the audience, and the audience takes the step easily.

In a Mexican way, we have discovered what Brecht is all about. If you want unbourgeois theater, find unbourgeois people to do it. Your head could burst open at the simplicity of the act, not the thought, but that's the way it is in Delano. Real theater lies in the excited laughter (or silence) of recognition *in the audience*, not in all the paraphernalia on the stage. Minus actors, the entire Teatro can be packed into one trunk, and when the Teatro goes on tour, the spirit of the Delano grape strike goes with it.

Last March and April, the Teatro toured with the pilgrimage from Delano to Sacramento. Part of the purpose of the *peregrinación* was to "turn on" the farm workers of the San Joaquin Valley, to expose them to our growing Huelga movement. The Teatro performed nightly at all the rallies we held in more than 20 farm worker towns. The response of the audience to the Teatro in all of these towns was a small triumph, within the greater triumph of the NFWA march.

Perhaps the best key to the "theater"

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of the Teatro Campesino is a description of our most successful performance on the pilgrimage. It occurred in Freeport, a small town just nine miles southwest of Sacramento. We were to arrive at the Capitol in two days, and Governor Brown had just refused to meet with us on Easter Sunday. He had previously promised he would meet the pilgrimage somewhere on the road, but that was off too.

The Teatro Campesino decided to bring the governor to the rally that same night. We revamped on old skit we had on Governor Brown, also involving the "DiGorgio Fruit Corp." and "Schunley." The "Schunley" character was dropped because Schenley Industries had recognized the NFWA as its workers' sole bargaining agent two days before. We replaced "Schunley" with another grower type, a "Mr. Zunavuvich," which—believe it or not—sounds incredibly like the name of a ranching family in Delano. To supplement Zunavuvich, and to hit at another DiGiorgio interest, we introduced a new character, "Bank Amerika."

When the time for the Teatro came, the DiGorgio character—complete with sign, dark glasses, and cigar—leaped onto the one and a half ton truck used as a stage for the nightly rallies, and was quickly booed and reviled by the farm worker audience of over 300. Threatening them with loss of their jobs, blackballing, and deportation, DiGorgio blustered and guffawed his way through all the booing, and announced that his old high school buddy, the governor, was coming to speak to them that same night, and in Spanish. At this point, a car with a siren and a loudspeaker drove up behind the audience, honking and moving toward the platform. An authoritative voice commanded the workers to move out of the way, and the outside rally was momentarily halted as "Governor Brown" was pulled out of the car by his cronies and pushed onto the stage. The "governor" protested all the way that he couldn't speak Spanish, but DiGorgio, Zunavuvich and Bank Amerika convinced him to try:

"*No Huelga*," they exhorted, "just say *no Huelga!*"

"And *no boycoteo*," insisted DiGorgio.

The "governor"—played by long, thin, dark Augustin Lira wearing a huge fake paunch—not only spoke Spanish, though brokenly at first, he spoke so ardently that he turned into a Mexican. This is the turning point of the acto. DiGorgio and his friends were forced to drag the metamorphosed governor off the stage, as he shouted "Huelga! Huelga!" all the way down, to the laughter and applause of the farm worker audience.

IT HAS NEVER BEEN EASY to measure the actual effect of the Teatro as serious social propaganda, but we do receive indirect reports occasionally. After one Bakersfield performance we were told that two scabs vowed never to come to Delano as strike-breakers again, and they cited the Teatro's satire as the reason for their change of heart. More encouraging than anything is that farm workers on the march, as Delano strikers have been doing every week now for five months, kept asking, "Is there going to be a Teatro tonight?"

The first striker to join the Teatro was 21-year-old Augustin Lira. Irrepressible song-writer and guitar player, Augie was born in Torreón, Coahuila, Mexico. He has been a farm worker all his life, following the crops from Texas to California with his mother and seven brothers and sisters. He was picking grapes in the Fresno area when the strike started in Delano. He joined it in the second week. Proud and rebellious, he expresses a fierce loyalty to the "*raza*" through his gentle and sensitive songs.

Stage manager and mask-maker of the group is Errol Franklin, 28, a native of Cheyenne, Wyoming, who prefers to think of himself as a cowboy. He has traveled far and wide across the United States, and has worked as a horse breaker, fisherman, apple picker, tomato picker, short order cook, waiter, and longshoreman. Some months ago, he came to Delano to pick scab grapes, but joined the strike when the roving picket line arrived at the vineyard where he was working. He is proud of his Indian blood and a good man with a tall tale. About two feet taller than the rest of us, he usually plays a rancher or a cop in the actos, lifting or pushing people as the situation demands.

Felipe Cantu, 44, is a comic genius. A family man and farm worker of practically no formal education, he was born and raised in Nuevo León, Mexico. He now lives in Delano with his wife and seven children. Felipe made his talents apparent on the picket line, where lively dialogues between pickets on the road and scabs in the field inspired his Mexican wit. He claims to have been everything from a "policeman to a clown" in Mexico, and resembles a Mexican version of Ben Turpin. Still, he can be a deeply serious man, especially when the well-being of his family is concerned. He speaks no English, but his wild, extravagant Cantinflas-like comic style needs no words. His *tour de force* is the role of a drunken scab who is needled by another character, his conscience, who reads him Jack London's "Definition of a Strike-Breaker" in Spanish.

Gilbert Rubio, 18, another valued member of the troupe, is third in a family of 13, born and raised in Lubbock, Texas. His family moved to California two years ago because there was no work in their home state, where many farm workers are still receiving 50 cents an hour for their labor. Always eager to learn, Gilbert got his chance to act as the rotten, smelly grape in the "Tres Uves" acto. He sings, too.

These men are only a few of the many farm workers who have participated in the Teatro. Unfortunately for the Teatro, the actors, encouraged to express themselves, often showed leadership potential and were put to work doing other things for the association. Some of our best natural talents have been sent to organize or boycott in Los Angeles, San Francisco and as far away as Texas.

The Teatro by its mere existence condemns the real loss of human talent, the deadening of the human spirit, the brutalization of mind and body caused by the callous, feudal exploitation that is farm labor today. Beyond that we can now afford to laugh as free men. The Teatro Campesino lives and grows in that laughter.

Luis Valdez, director and founder of the Teatro, was born in Delano and worked there in the fields until he was 18. He has written the play "The Shrunken Head of Pancho Villa" and was formerly a member of the San Francisco Mime Troupe.

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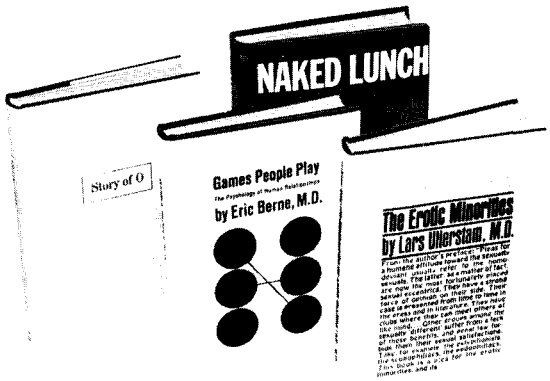

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Books:

WALK IN YOUR SOUL (LOVE INCANTATIONS OF THE OKLAHOMA CHEROKEES) *by Jack Frederick Kilpatrick and Anna Gritts Kilpatrick. Dallas: Southern Methodist University Press. 164 pp. $5.*

Reviewed by William Mathes

EACH YEAR some of the most exciting books published in this country are lost to a potentially large readership. They emerge in a flash of near anonymity and retreat into the vacuum created by meager advertising budgets and unimaginative book reviewing. These peripheral books are born into an instantaneous obscurity, and relegated to oblivion by a book-world generally concerned with the quick and flashy, the bestsellers and the big names.

A personal predilection for what might be called the American Esoteric has taken me on protracted excursions into the world of peripheral publishing, has brought me to such extreme measures as searching the "Weekly Record" (which lists every new book published in the United States for any given week) in Publishers Weekly for likely titles and hounding publishers by phone and mail for review copies. Rarely, however, does anything come of this effort. As with the well-known, most of the anonymous is insignificant; it deserves anonymity: trivial studies by professors publishing and perishing (at least killing any living residue in their "disciplines"), collections better left scattered; the leavings of academia; the dregs of entrepreneurs who gambled and lost.

But any amount of searching and sifting is more than worth it, when one turns up a book of the charm, refreshing lyricism, and humanistically wrought scholarship of *Walk in Your Soul (Love Incantations of the Oklahoma Cherokees)* by Jack and Anna Kilpatrick. Mr. Kilpatrick is on the faculty of Southern Methodist University as a professor of composition and theory in the School of Music; Mrs. Kilpatrick is a teacher in the Dallas public schools. Both Cherokees who speak, read and write the language, the Kilpatricks' first joint book, *Friends of the Thunder (Folktales of the Oklahoma Cherokees)*, received wide scholarly notice and respect.

I went through *Walk in Your Soul* the first time like a child making a first visit to a museum: dazzled by unpredictable wonders, overwhelmed by cascades of impressions; in a word, delighted. Delighted by the discovery of a new world, of worlds, of another sense of the past, of another way life was once viably lived—feeling that peculiar shock at the intersection of recognition and novelty.

The simple, direct beauty of these love incantations held me fast during the first reading. There was no choice but to suspend analysis and enjoy myself. Knowledgeable enough to realize that "primitive peoples" are often more civilized than we are in their affective life, in their relationships with each other and nature, in their abjuration of gross hate and their persistent and sophisticated search for mutuality, I was nevertheless unprepared for what I found in *Walk In Your Soul*. Take, for example, the lyric vitality of the following, written—as the Kilpatricks inform us in their running commentary—by a man who "perhaps lived (and, one may suspect, deeply loved) before Jacob saw Rachel at the well on the Plain of Aram";

Like the Red Lightning . . .
Like the Fog . . .
Like the Panther . . .
Like the Red Wolf . . .
Like You, You Wizard, I have just come to make my appearance.
I will be walking in the very middle of your soul.
Now! Now the Smoke of the White Tobacco has just come to wing down upon you!

Or the direct masculinity of this one (the blank spaces indicate the place for the name of a specific invocator, his beloved, or the name of his clan, to be supplied by the shaman or individual reciting the incantation):

Now! Then this, ———, is your name, you woman, and you think of my body, which is not to be forgotten!
I am named ———.

Or the subtle intensity of this one:

Now! Let us speak of beauty so that you will not look at me with loneliness!

Or the following "memorable miniature," which the Kilpatricks say is "the distillation of that which is so engaging in the ritualistic erotic literature of the Oklahoma Cherokees. Trenchant, epigrammatic, noble, constructed with a keen sense of form":

Now! My name is ———.
My people are ———.
I originated in the Treetops.
Here in the roof of the dense forest my soul will be living about.
Now! There where I surely enclosed you, surely will I be enclosed!

Or the haiku-like starkness of this incantation for retaining affection:

I just consumed your soul!
I just consumed your flesh!
I just consumed your saliva!
Grasp what I possess!

THE ATTRACTION in all of this is clear enough in a society—at a time—where the word "love" is forced to mean anything and everything, in an infantile culture still struggling with the "discovery" of the Greeks' more useful conceptualizations of love (*eros, agape, philia, storgy*). The subtlety and force of a language like the Cherokees' starkly demonstrates our own limitations as poets and lovers, but holds out a kind of hope for our own evolution. We might reasonably aspire to the affective life of the Cherokees, as they might have aspired to our science and our technical knowledge. The sheer complexity of the Cherokees' language, which ". . . has an utterly fantastic number of forms for each verb—possibly something like one hundred thousand," speaks for their concern with human relationships and dedication to the poetry of love. Great importance is ascribed to every nuance, to the slightest gesture, to the emotionally charged poetry of the sexes, to the timeless dance of man and woman.

Alienated man, the technologically imprisoned fool that he has become, confronts with trepidation and curiosity (but also, if he is honest, with admira-

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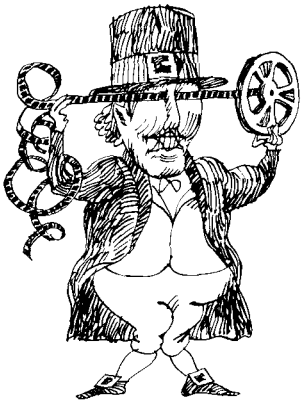
tion and pride in our species) the Cherokees' persistent awe, their sure connection with the organic mysteries of coming together and parting, of all the births attending the fulfillment of love and the creation of life. This confrontation underscores the paucity of our existence, the low tide of our vitality, the tepidness of our language and our love. But it can also remind us of our great loss, and remembering this loss may serve to direct our aspirations toward the dignity, humanity, and affection for life so lovingly presented and preserved in these ritualistic incantations. This is the book with which to counter those who sneer at the "myth" of the noble savage. If one calls the Cherokees savage, then what adjective is left for ourselves?

William Mathes' work has appeared in The New Republic, The Realist and The Minority of One. Mr. Mathes has done numerous reviews for the San Francisco Chronicle and the Los Angeles Times and is currently working on a novel and a volume of poetry.

Cinema:



IN REVIEW OF A 90 MINUTE MOVIE ABOUT A 30-YEAR-OLD WAR

by Alvah Bessie

"But the situation in Vietnam isn't Munich; it is Spain."
—Bernard Fall
(RAMPARTS, December 1965)

IT TOOK ALMOST 30 years to get the 90 minute definitive documentary on Spain that Frédéric Rossif and his colleagues have produced. Not the least fascinating aspect of "To Die in Madrid" is the fact that it has been received with high praise from publications as politically removed from each other as Time, Commonweal and The Worker.

By ransacking the film archives of Great Britain, France, the German Democratic Republic, the United States and the U.S.S.R., Rossif and his collaborators have assembled this ancient footage into as brilliant a *montage* as has ever been achieved on film. They have also realized the sort of objectivity referred to by Soviet filmmaker Roman Karman, who said, "...the real objectivity is the real truth..." Karman himself was one of the cameramen whose work is represented in "Madrid."

This "real objectivity" was accomplished simply by presenting the *dramatis personæ* on both sides of the Spanish war of 1936–1939. It must be understood that there were no sound cameras available at the time, and when the characters speak, their documented words are provided by actors: Sir John Gielgud, Irene Worth, William Hutt and George Gonneau.

The moving strophes of the great poet Federico García Lorca are spoken above still photographs of his beautiful face. Lorca's poetry so infuriated the fascists that he was murdered in Granada by the Civil Guard. The affecting telephone conversation between the fascist command of the Alcázar of Toledo, Colonel Ituarte Moscaró, and his son Luis (who had been captured and executed by the Republicans) is reproduced from contemporary accounts, although there is still some doubt that this conversation actually took place.

One highly celebrated and soundly documented confrontation of the war is shown in live and still photos. It took place when the pro-Franco rector of the University of Salamanca, Miguel de Unamuno, presided over a celebration of the Day of the Race at the University on October 12, 1936.

In a speech General Millán Astray attacked Catalonia and the Basque provinces as cancers that fascism, which he called "Spain's health-giver," would soon excise. One of his followers in the hall shouted, "Long live death!"

Unamuno's reply, which was his last lecture (he died soon after, as Salvador de Madariaga put it, "of grief") ran like this:

"...You all know me and are aware

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that I am unable to remain silent. At times to be silent is to lie. For silence can be interpreted as acquiescence. I want to comment on the speech—to give it that name—of General Millán Astray . . . Let us waive the personal affront implied in the sudden outburst of vituperation against the Basques and the Catalans. I was myself, of course, born in Bilbao . . .

"Just now I heard a necrophilous and senseless cry: 'Long live death!' And I, who have spent my life shaping paradoxes which have aroused the uncomprehending anger of others, I must tell you, as an expert authority, that this outlandish paradox is repellent to me. General Millán Astray is a cripple. Let it be said without any slighting undertone. He is a war invalid. So was Cervantes. Unfortunately there are all too many cripples in Spain just now. And soon there will be even more of them if God does not come to our aid. It pains me to think that General Millán Astray should dictate the pattern of mass psychology. A cripple who lacks the spiritual greatness of Cervantes is wont to seek ominous relief in causing mutilation around him."

Upon which the general leaped to his feet, shouting, "*Abajo la Inteligencia*! Long live death!" and pointed his pistol at the mystic.

Unamuno continued implacably: "This is the temple of the intellect. And I am its high priest. It is you who profane its sacred precincts. You will win, because you have more than enough brute force. But you will not convince. For to convince you need to persuade. And to persuade you would need what you lack: Reason and Right in the struggle. I consider it futile to exhort you to think of Spain. I have done."

This play on words by the philosopher who wrote *The Tragic Sense of Life: "Venceréis . . . pero no convenceréis,"* will ultimately achieve the immortality of that other famous slogan, "It is better to die on your feet than to live on your knees," spoken by the celebrated Communist deputy to the Cortes, Dolores Ibarrúri (*La Pasionaría*), daughter of an Asturian miner and herself a miner's wife, during the first days of the rebellion. The words of her farewell speech to the departing foreign volunteers for the Republic are spoken later in the film:

"Comrades of the International Brigade: Political reasons, reasons of state, the welfare of that same cause for which you offered your blood with such boundless generosity, are sending you back, some of you to your own countries and others to forced exile. You can go proudly. You are history. You are legend. You are the heroic example of democracy's solidarity and universality, in the face of the shameful, 'accommodating' spirit of those who interpret democratic principles with their eyes on the hoards of wealth or the industrial shares which they want to preserve from any risk."

And you will see these volunteers marching in that final parade up the *Diagonal* in Barcelona (now called *Avenida del Generalísimo Franco*) where men, women and children broke the police lines to overwhelm the foreigners with flowers, kisses and tears.

THE SOLID LANDSCAPE of the film is inhabited by the Spanish people themselves, seen in every aspect of their living, fighting and dying. Director Rossif, aided by the moving commentary written by Madeleine Chapsal (ably translated by Helen Scott), the evocative music of Maurice Jarre and the camera work of a brigade of known and unknown photographers, has created out of footage shot from 35 to 27 years ago a poetic and cinematic unity and a solid body of narrative and dramatic action.

The drama lies not only in the combat footage—better than any taken even during World War II—but also in the evocation of mood, climate, countryside, city and town, and the very temperament and dignity of the Spanish people themselves. They are seen in their daily lives, working in the fields; in their moment of joyful triumph in 1931, when the Republic was proclaimed; in the days following the outbreak in July 1936, when a government confident of their support freely armed them in the streets.

There is scarcely an aspect of their incredible three-year resistance to the overwhelming *materiel* of the fascists that was not photographed: in the Guadarrama mountains outside Madrid; at University City and in the Jarama valley; at Teruel and Belchite; at Guadalajara where Mussolini's Black Shirts were routed by Italian anti-fascist volunteers who called themselves *Garabaldini*; during their one great offensive (1938) when they crossed the Ebro on a front 150 kilometers wide and drove inland to Gandesa.

Mass death by air-bombing in Madrid, Barcelona and Guernica is documented, and the individual death of children. Death before firing squads determined to extirpate any individual show of resistance is seen, and the words of the French Catholic writer, Georges Bernanos, are spoken overscene: "They seized them each evening in remote hamlets, at the hour of return from the fields. They departed on their last journeys with their shirts still wet with the sweat of their backs."

The responsibility for the defeat of the Republic is laid precisely where it belongs: in the cynical policy of "non-intervention" that effectively prevented the intervention of anyone but the Nazis and Italian fascists. The diplomats are shown in a marvelously humorous sequence, entering ministerial palaces where "debate" over the undebatable took place over and over, and which resulted in the strangulation of the Republic by the very democracies which were to feel the weight of the Stuka dive bombers and the *panzer* divisions just a short six months after Franco entered Madrid a safe distance behind his best troops—the Mohammedan Moors who went into battle with the Sacred Heart of Jesus sewed to their tunics.

It is part of the tragic sense of life that the same attitudes and actions are finding expression in Vietnam today. And it is a fact that the international solidarity symbolized by the men of every political and religious persuasion who came to defend the Spanish people, and which was further cemented in World War II when Communist and non-communist fought side by side to extirpate fascism, dissolved after 1945 (like a film sequence) into the Cold War, leaving fascism far from extirpated anywhere in the world.

Alvah Bessie was a combat infantryman in the International Brigade throughout 1938. His books include Men in Battle *(1939),* The Heart of Spain *(1952), and* The un-Americans *(1957). A new novel,* The Symbol, *will be published this fall by Random House.*

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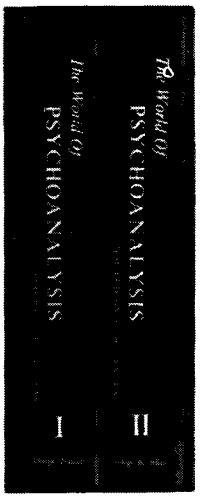

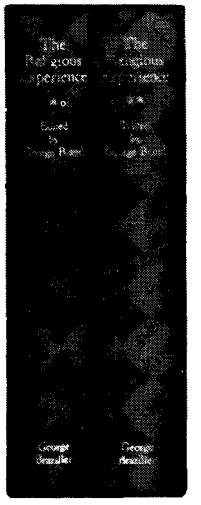

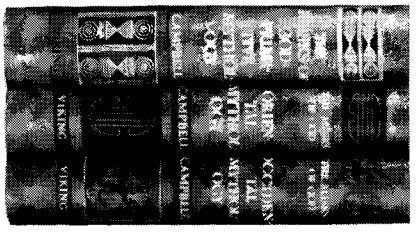

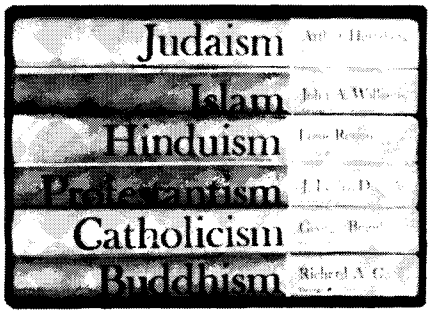

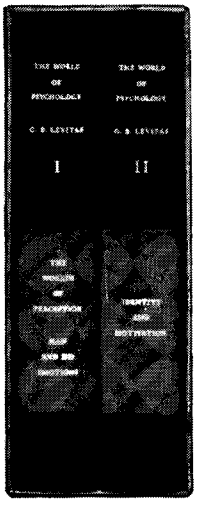

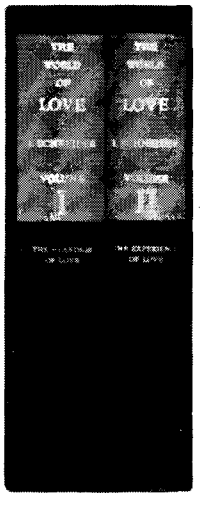

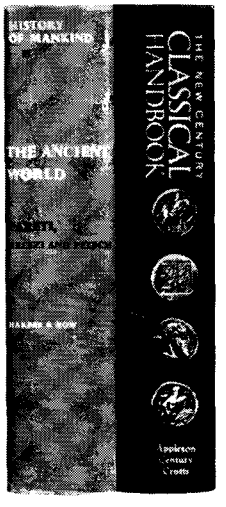

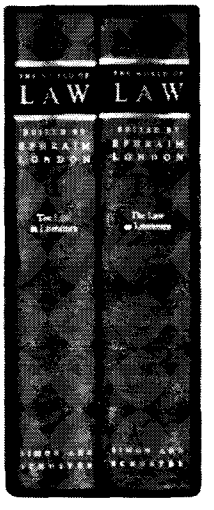

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Art:

IN CHURCHES, IN THE KITCHEN

by Charles Schorre

THOUGHTS: If I have to go back into history to have my religious experience, I cannot have one. Someone else, living in that time in history, has already had it for me. An historical event, if misused in this manner, is adult thumb-sucking. It is an excuse for the individual to by-pass his own religious experience, a symbol of his non-involvement. If this historical religious experience is his *only* experience, he can't be blamed if something goes wrong; he can't be blamed if someone "proves" it didn't happen; he can't be blamed for not having the guts or courage to have his own religious experience. He's afraid it might be the wrong thing to do; it might be "out" or "camp"; it might be the wrong thing to do that year, just as Christ's being on the cross was the wrong thing to do that year.

Some of these things became a reality to me while working (since early 1960) on a theme of crucifixion-birth . . . life-death . . . to die to become . . . stop, turn around, go again, live again . . . in another direction.

At first I just *had* to witness a hospital birth. I *had* to tie a cadaver (as near Christ's physical appearance as I could find) to a cross. I *had* to get a live man and rope him to the same cross. Some of these things could not be realized at the time: "Staff disease" in hospitals, couldn't get a doctor or hospital staff to let me in. I wanted to go to Mexico or some place and "be there" when a woman delivered her own baby rather primitively. This wasn't realized either.

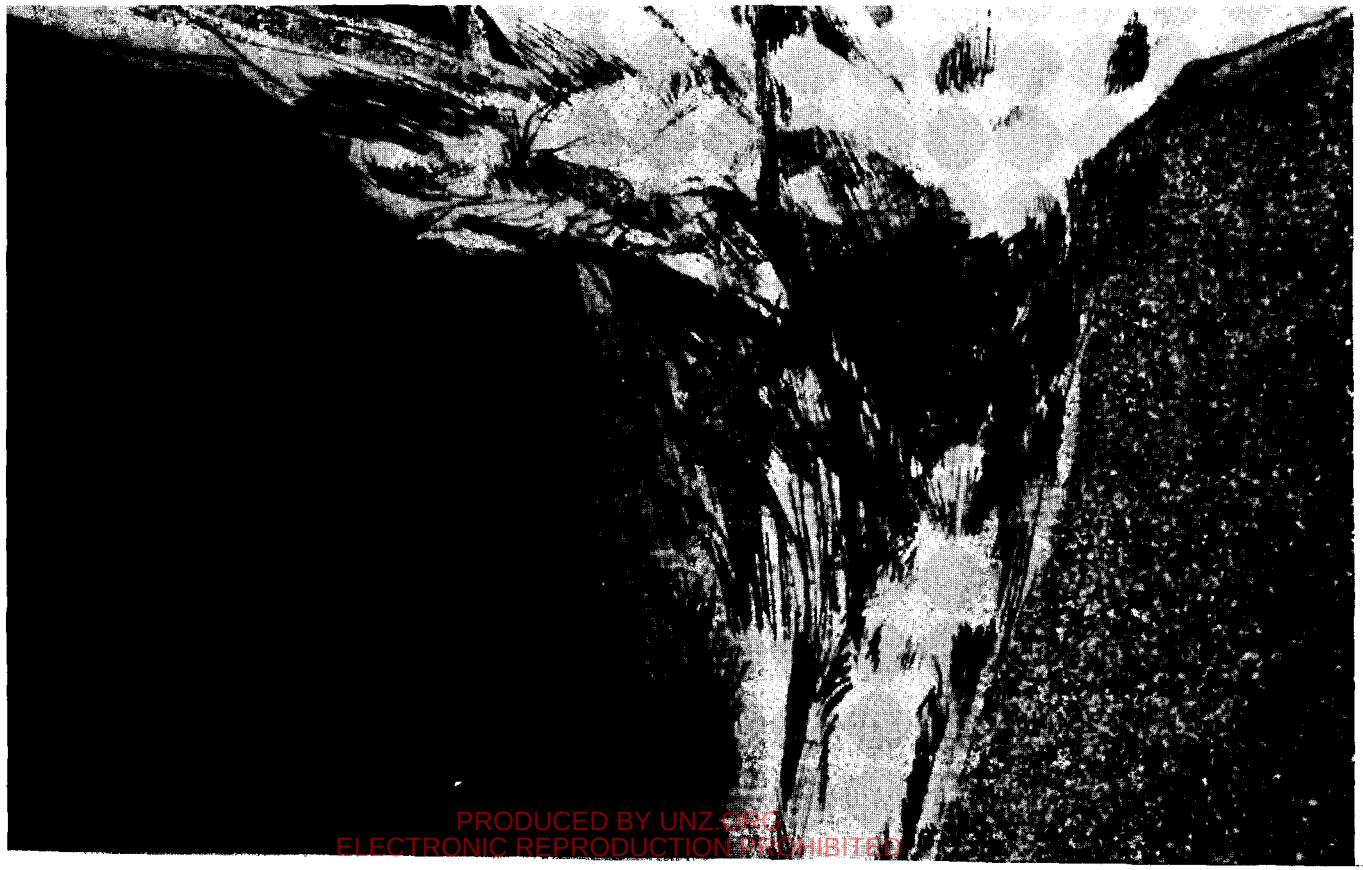
Then it dawned on me that if all these things could be accomplished, the end result, no matter how successful, would still only be an *illustration* of an historical event—"They could have used a brighter color in the stained glass around the head of Christ"—the way all critics aren't involved. Unless you are in it, working with it, doing it, building it, with your hands and mind and feet and anything else that's handy. Like being a large file cabinet, full of facts about love, an authority, yet never having been there just once. A living dead authority; go to the Holy Land and see where *they* did it. I started to realize that I might use some facts, historical facts as a crutch, or springboard, but if anything authentic was going to happen it was going to have to come from me.

Recently about 14 "religious paintings" were on exhibit in the Chapel (Rice University campus). Because they were "religious paintings," no "art authority" committed himself in print about the exhibit. It was stimulating, however, to find the great number of people who weren't particularly educated about art who accepted a JFK assassination painting, a heart painting, a love painting, a birth painting, and a landscape in a "religious art" show.

The movies "Patch of Blue" and "Zorba the Greek" were religious experiences for me; I have also had them in churches, in the kitchen washing the dishes with my wife, with my children in the back yard, with persons in strange places, with a life class in a university.

Are we "saved"? It is up to each one of us to live up to our salvation with all we have in us, to be with all of our being. If we don't, we are slobs, slopping through life, no matter how clever, beautiful, rich, lucky, talented, charitable, or religious.

Artist Charles Schorre lives in Houston, Texas. Although he would admit of no such divisions, he is a teacher at Rice University, a commercial artist, and a painter. A selection of his Cruciforms appear here and on the following pages.



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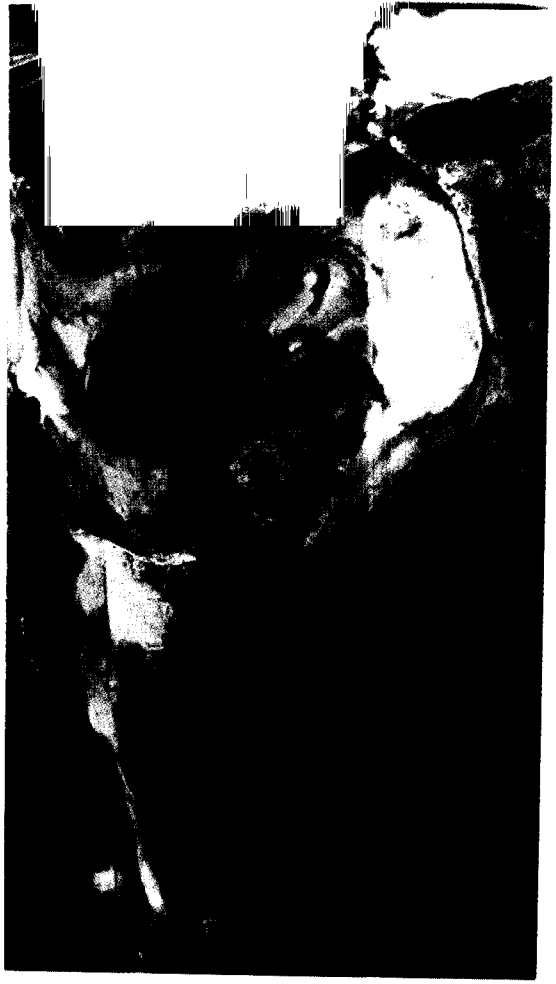

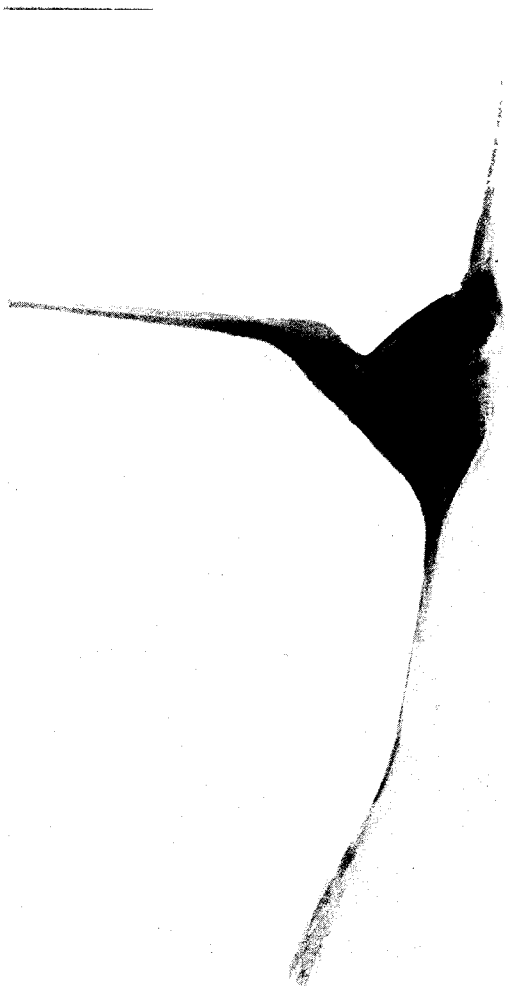

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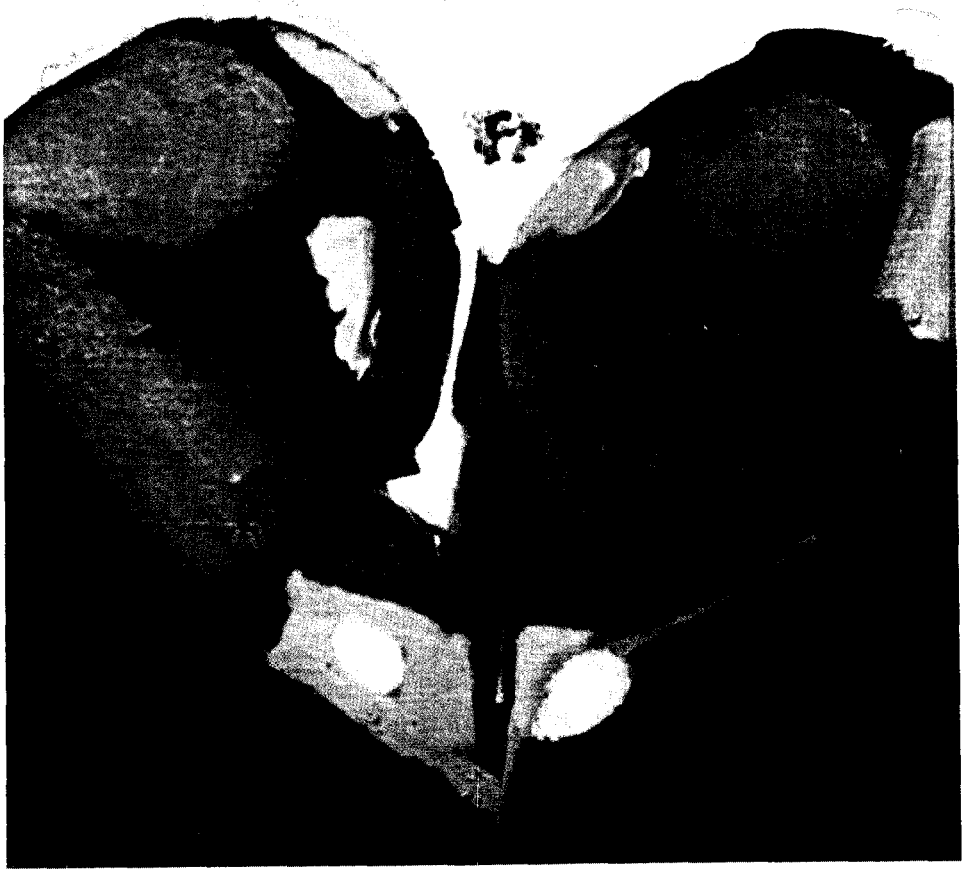

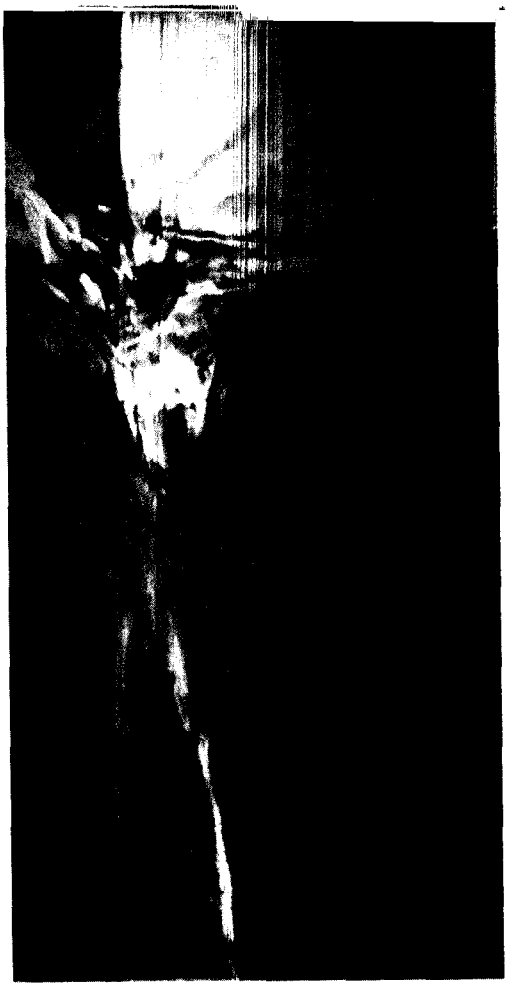

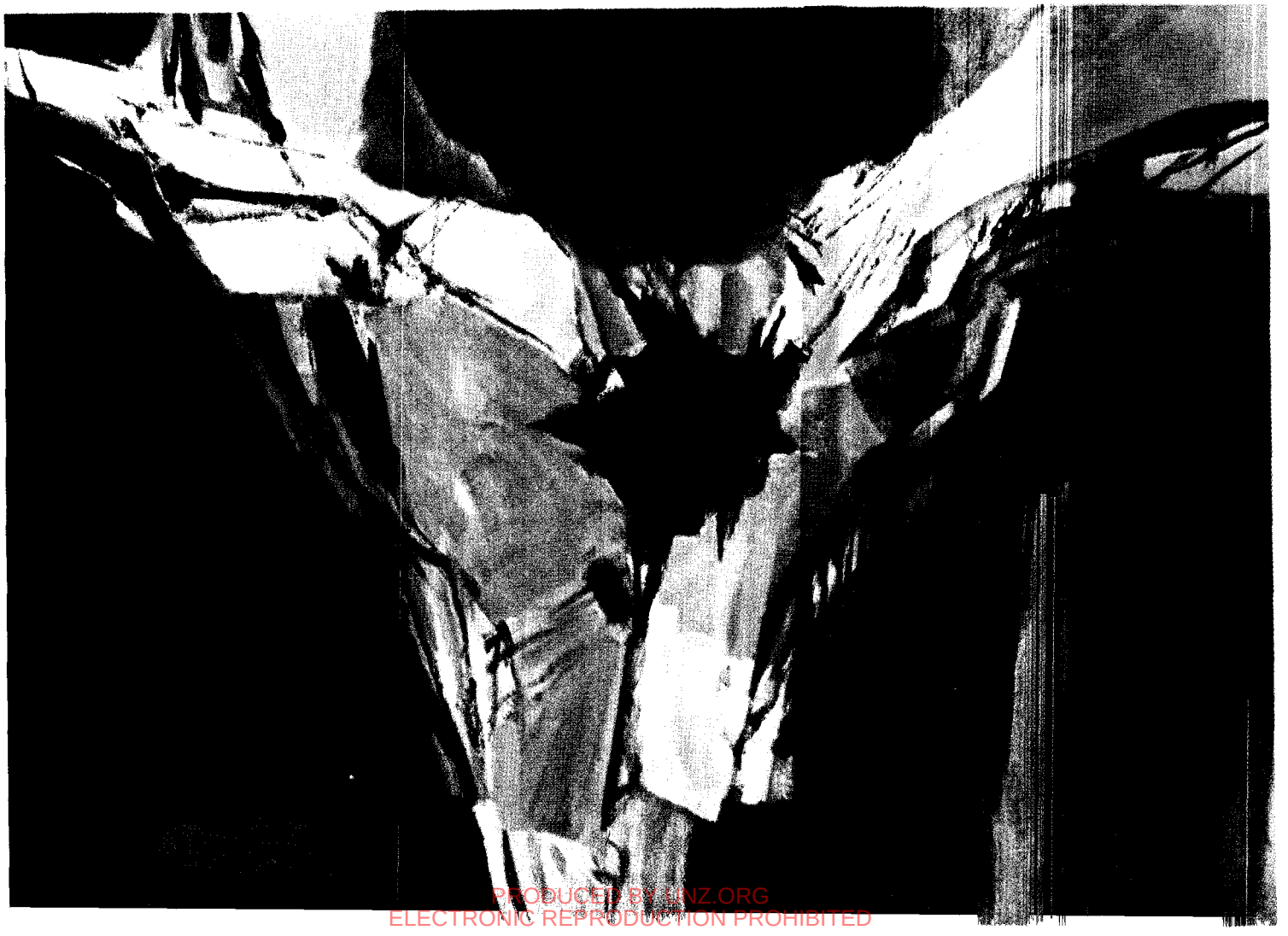

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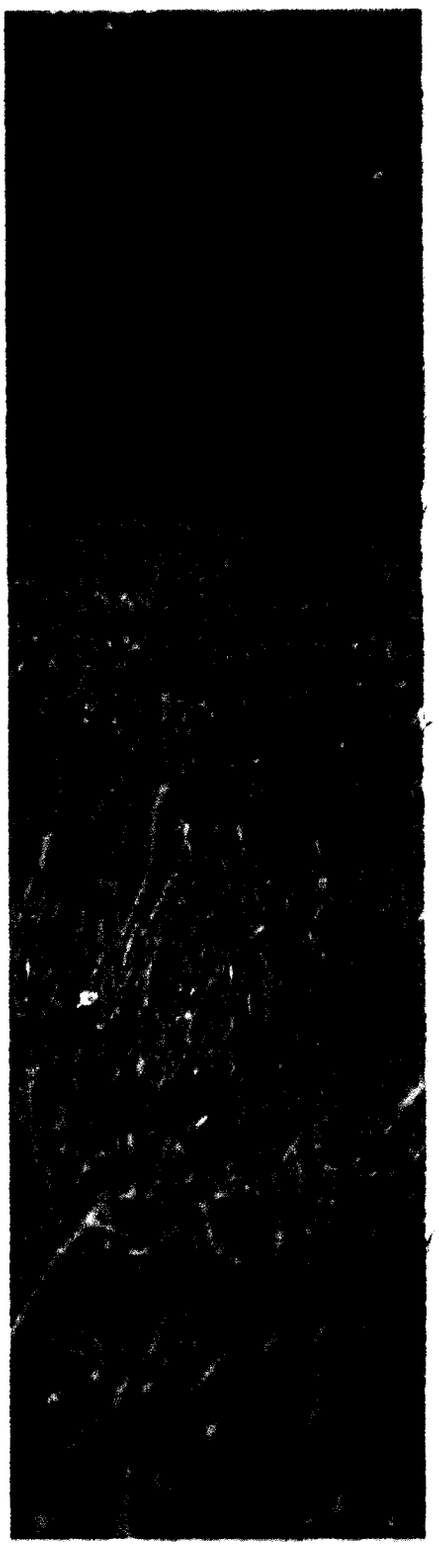
"Does anyone here wish "I do." "Done."



BY WAY OF THE above interchange, transacted in an English club, the ownership of one of the most famous islands in the world passed into the collective hands of the Mitford clan. Now, some thirty years later, Jessica Mitford again offers *Inch Kenneth* up for sale with the same query, "Does anyone here wish to purchase an island?" Such is the caprice of a transitory society.

[*Inch Kenneth*]

INCH KENNETH IS A SMALL ISLE in the Inner Hebrides, just off the coast of Scotland. The low deep green hills rise up from white shell-sand beaches. The bathing is excellent [average temperature: 74°]. Black-faced sheep, beef cattle and Shetland ponies graze in the lush pastures. The shoreline ranges from beaches to high rocky bluffs, and the air is scrubbed clean by the surrounding water. The isle is a grand and tranquil place — the last of its kind that will ever be offered for sale.

[*Johnson & Boswell*]

ON THE 19TH SUNDAY after Trinity, 1773, Doctor Samuel Johnson and James Boswell visited Inch Kenneth. Johnson wrote, "... romance does not often exhibit a scene that strikes the imagination more." Reported Boswell in his *Journals*, "Dr. Johnson said that it was the most agreeable Sunday evening that he had ever passed in his life."

[*Daffodils & Yellow Irises*]

INCH KENNETH has lost none of its charm during the intervening years. In the spring it is carpeted with crocuses, daffodils, and yellow irises. The 200 acres surround a handsome 15-room manor house with all the conveniences, including electricity, four baths, *no* telephones; the staff cottage, barns, the dairy, stables, two jetties, a pair of 21 foot motor boats, the ruins of a chapel and crusader's graveyard dating from 563 a.d., and a garage at Gribun, opposite on the isle of Mull. All is in fine repair except, of course, the ruins, which are supposed to be that way.

[*A Fine Motor Car*]

THE GARAGE AT GRIBUN contains what is perhaps the best kept 1924 Morris in the world. In this you travel from Gribun across Mull to meet the steam ferry that runs from Craigmure to Oban on the mainland of Scotland. The motor car is, of course, part of the package.

[*Lobster, Pheasant & Fresh Strawberries*]

FORTUNATELY INCH KENNETH is, in itself, more than capable of satisfying the healthiest and most discriminating of appetites.

SEAFOOD THRIVES in the deep surrounding waters: to augment the many varieties of fish there are lobsters, rock-oysters, cockles and mussels alive, alive, oh.

THE DAIRY [four milk cows] produces cream, butter, and cheese — not to mention milk that tastes like milk should, and did before automated dairies. Mushrooms and strawberries grow wild in the hills; all manner of vegetables grow tame in the garden. Beef cattle, grouse, and pheasant abound.

[*Special Delivery*]

A MOST ENTICING PACKAGE to be sure. And it can be purchased for less than you might imagine; about what you might pay for a fine house alone — sans island, sans daffodils, sans all.

FOR FURTHER INFORMATION just write to *Ramparts*, c/o Jessica Mitford, 301 Broadway, San Francisco, California. Or just watch this space and run the danger of someone else snapping it up; on second thought it might just behoove you to write us Special Delivery.

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